

Dramatic Notes

A Year-Book

OF

THE STAGE

BY

AUSTIN BRERETON

ILLUSTRATED WITH NUMEROUS PORTRAITS

SEVENTH ISSUE

LONDON

CARSON AND COMERFORD

CLEMENT'S INN PASSAGE, STRAND, W.C.

1886

SYNOPSIS OF THE PRODUCTIONS AT
DRURY LANE THEATRE,
Whilst under the Management of
AUGUSTUS HARRIS,
 IN THE YEARS
1879, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886,
*And during which Period many Millions of Persons
 have Paid for Admission.*

1879			
Nov. 1	HENRY V.	Shakespeare	
Dec. 26	BLUE BEARD (Pantomime)	Brothers Grimm (<i>E. L. Blanchard</i>)	
1880			
Mar. 29	LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT	<i>Ch. Lecoq</i>	
Mar. 29	LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET	<i>R. Roberts</i>	
May 31	AS YOU LIKE IT	Shakespeare	
July 31	THE WORLD	<i>Meritt, Pettitt, and Augustus Harris</i>	
Dec. 27	MOTHER GOOSE (Pantomime)	<i>E. L. Blanchard</i>	
1881.			
Mar. 4	THE WORLD (Revival)		
Mar. 14	THE STORES	<i>Buccolossi, Rose, and Augustus Harris</i>	
		<i>John McCullough's Season.</i>	
April 25	VIRGINIUS	<i>Sheridan Knowles</i>	
May 14	OTHELLO	Shakespeare	

Season of the Ducal Court Company
Saxe-Meiningen.

*Under the Patronage of H.R.H. the Prince
 of Wales.*

May 30	JULIUS CÆsar	Shakespeare
May 31	TWELFTH NIGHT	Shakespeare
June 6	DIE RAUBER	<i>Schiller</i>
June 9	WILHELM TELL	<i>Schiller</i>
June 13	WINTER'S TALE	Shakespeare
June 16	DIE AHNFRAU	<i>Grillparzer</i>
June 18	IPHIGENIE AUF TAURIS	<i>Goethe</i>
June 20	FIESCO	<i>Schiller</i>
June 27	DAS KATHCHEN VON HEILBRONN	<i>Von Kleist</i>
July 4	PRECIOSA	<i>A. Wolf</i>
July 10	WALLENSTEINS LAGER	<i>Schiller</i>
July 19	DER EINGEBILDETE KRANKE	<i>Adopted from Moliere</i>

Aug. 6	YOUTH	<i>P. Meritt & Augustus Harris</i>
Dec. 26	ROBINSON CRUSOE (Pantomime)	<i>E. L. Blanchard</i>

*Franke and Pollini's German Opera
 Season.*

1882	LOHENGRIN	<i>Wagner</i>
May 18	DER FLIEGENDE HOLLANDER	<i>Wagner</i>
May 20	TANNHAUSER	<i>Wagner</i>
May 23	FIDELIO	<i>Beethoven</i>
May 24	DIE MEISTERSANGER	<i>Wagner</i>
June 14	EURIYANTHE	<i>Weber</i>
June 20	TRISTAN AND ISOLDE	<i>Wagner</i>

<i>Madame Ristori's Season.</i>		
July 3	MACBETH	Shakespeare
July 14	ELIZABETH	Giacometti
Aug. 5	PLUCK	<i>Henry Pettitt and Augustus Harris</i>
Dec. 26	SINDBAD (Pantomime)	<i>E. L. Blanchard</i>

The Carl Rosa Opera Company.

1883	ESMERALDA	
Mar. 26	MARZIALIS, RANDEGGER, and GORING THOMAS	
Mar. 29	FIDELIO	<i>Beethoven</i>
Mar. 31	THE BOHEMIAN GIRL	<i>Balfe</i>
April 3	IL TROVATORE	<i>Verdi</i>
April 7	MARITANA	<i>Wallace</i>
April 9	COLOMBA	<i>Hueffer and Mackenzie</i>
April 10	FAUST	<i>Gounod</i>
April 14	MIGNON	<i>Ambroise Thomas</i>

April 28 YOUTH (Revival)

Aug. 4 FREEDOM

G. F. ROWE and AUGUSTUS HARRIS	
L. D. POWLES and AUGUSTUS HARRIS	
OCT. 15 A SAILOR AND HIS LASS	
ROBERT BUCHANAN and AUGUSTUS HARRIS	
DEC. 26 CINDERELLA (Pantomime)	
E. L. BLANCHARD	

The Carl Rosa Opera Company.

1884	CARMEN	<i>Bizet</i>
APRIL 15	LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR	<i>Donizetti</i>
APRIL 23	CANTERBURY PILGRIMS	<i>V. H. Stanford</i>

Sept. 12 WORLD (Revival)

Dec. 26 WHITTINGTON (Pantomime)

E. L. Blanchard

The Carl Rosa Opera Company.

1885	NADESHDA	<i>Goring Thomas & Sturgis</i>
APRIL 16	MANON	<i>Massenet and Bennett</i>
MAY 7	MARRIAGE OF FIGARO	<i>Mozart</i>

JUNE 15 A TRUE STORY

JULY 27 IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND

Charles Reade

SEPT. 12 HUMAN NATURE

Henry Pettitt and Augustus Harris

E. L. Blanchard

1886 ALADDIN

April 24 HUMAN NATURE (reproduced)

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DECEMBER 3, 1920

P R E F A C E .

In producing the seventh issue of DRAMATIC NOTES, mention of the purpose of the work may not be out of place here. The work is designed as a critical record of the London stage. Such new plays and important revivals as are likely to call for reference hereafter, supply the material for a chronicle which has already proved useful, and which, under more advantageous conditions than have hitherto been afforded it, may be of still greater interest and value in the time to come. Never before has a similar account of the London plays and players been attempted, and it is hoped that the lover of the Stage may turn to these pages with a satisfactory result when he wants to find a notice of a prominent play and of the acting of it, or when he wishes to discover the date of its production, or to see the cast of the original performers in it.

It is proper to acknowledge here that this annual was first brought into life by Mr. Charles Eyre Pascoe, who edited the volume dealing with the stage of 1879. My connection with the publication commenced in 1881, and has continued up to the present time.

The date of each issue has varied considerably. Indeed, the publication of the number for 1883 was deferred until last spring, when it made its appearance together with that for 1884. Then came the liquidation of the late publisher, who owned the copyright, which only recently has come into my possession. The law's delay must be my excuse for the late appearance of this number. The illustrations are not what were originally intended for it, but, conscious as I am of the defects of the work in this respect, it is my hope that it will be acceptable to those who have the six previous issues, while I can safely promise that the next issue—which will complete the second volume—will appear punctually in the early part of January. It will be illustrated by sketches of scenes and characters, specially drawn for it, and it will be improved in other respects. Thus, continuing from year to year a critical and unbroken record of the London stage, a useful purpose may be accomplished, and it is further hoped that the playgoer of to-day and the yet unborn student of the stage may alike find the work interesting.

A. B.

QUEEN SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY.

MAY, 1886.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Dramatic Notes.

1885.

JANUARY.

La Princesse Georges.—*In His Power*.—*As You Like It* at the St. James's.—*The Opal Ring*.

THE dramatic year opened badly, with the production, on January 20, at the Prince's Theatre, of *La Princesse Georges* of the younger Dumas. The play failed, signally and deservedly. The tone of such a work is utterly unsuited to English tastes, but the play, in itself, has not the elements for success on the stage. Even the genius of Aimée Desclée, who created the character of Séverine, the heroine, on the first representation of the drama, at the Gymnase, Paris, on December 2, 1871, could not secure the verdict of the public in favour of the piece. Mrs. Langtry, who played the principal part in the English version, had not then the necessary passion, power, and pathos for a brilliant rendering of the character. This particular play by M. Dumas, like so many works by the same author, breathes an unhealthy atmosphere of vice, vulgarity, and sentiment run mad. It has an impure air from beginning to end, with no fresh and worthy object to relieve, even for a moment, the nauseous taint which is attached to almost every character in it. In plain words, it is a drama of adultery, dishonour, and death. Only, M. Dumas's favourite theme is not treated with the adroitness, cleverness, or perception, call it what you will, necessary to make such a strong dish palatable to any decent-minded spectator, English or foreign. What does this drama teach? it may be asked, and silence will be the best answer that can be given. But we may go still further, and question as to the characters in the play. Is there one lovable, or

even good man or woman in the entire piece? The answer, it must be confessed, is decidedly in the negative. The Prince de Birac is a wholly worthless creature. He has married for wealth, has naturally tired of his wife, and has borrowed her money, so that he may live in luxury with his mistress. Take the Prince's wife, the Princess George. She believes that her husband is unfaithful. She makes her maid play the spy upon him, finds that she is dishonoured, but allows herself to be persuaded by her worthless husband that he is innocent. More proof being placed in her hands, she tells the husband of her own husband's mistress that his wife has a lover. The husband jealously waits for his man, shoots him down like a dog, and the audience then discover it is not the Prince who is killed, but another lover of the same woman's. This tricky scene, effective enough in the original, was clumsily managed in the otherwise literal translation of Dumas, for the Prince was kept on the stage while the shot was fired, so that the audience were spared even the excitement of a melodramatic situation. The other characters are on a level with the two already named. Sylvanie, Comtesse de Terrémonde, is a hard-hearted adventuress, who deceives her husband and her lover. The mother of the Princess is a scandal-monger of the worst type; Galanson, the lawyer, is a fussy and weak old bore; even the servants are shown as deceiving their master and mistress in most deplorable fashion. It is conceivable that such a set of people might have been made tolerable had they been skilfully handled; as the case stands, they are badly manipulated, and consequently ineffective. They neither move, nor do they even interest the spectator. The piece appears, at first sight, to have been written to prove that vengeance is the prerogative of a dishonoured wife; but when M. Dumas takes his audience in with a paltry trick, it becomes a little difficult to understand his motive. The action in the piece is infinitesimal when compared with the dialogue. But fortunately the drama is short—perhaps its greatest merit. Mrs. Langtry was supported by Mr. C. F. Coghlan, as the Prince, and Miss Amy Roselle, who played her one great scene with admirable power, intensity, and effect.

On the 21st of this month, a drama, new to the London stage,

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called *In His Power*, and written by Mr. Mark Quinton, was brought out with considerable success at the Olympic Theatre. It had been previously produced, on September 20, 1884, at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool. This is a strong, healthy drama, of a sensational, but probable kind, interesting, and extremely well put together. It would be an easy task to point out the weak parts of the play, but it must be taken into consideration that this drama is the first work of a young author, whose faults are merely those of inexperience, and will disappear in his future efforts. The most noticeable defect, and one that Mr. Mark Quinton should strive to overcome, is the weakness and prolixity of his dialogue. There is too much dialogue in the play, and what there is is not by any means as strong, terse, and to the purpose as it should be. Then, again, the last of the three acts contains much that is quite unnecessary. No one cares to hear a bad imitation of the yells and hooting of an infuriated mob, and a desperate, but badly managed fight between the spy and his boyish dupe is not an interesting spectacle. It would be quite sufficient for the audience to know that the villain had met his just reward, and the sound of the distant shots of the soldiers would be far more effective than all the noise, and turmoil, and yells and execrations of the citizens. Mr. and Mrs. Walker, the comic characters, are quite unnecessary, and are merely introduced for the sake of gaining a laugh from some injudicious gallery spectator. They do not assist the play in the slightest degree, nor are they by any means original. For the rest of his work, Mr. Quinton is deserving of commendation. The action of the drama occurs during the Siege of Paris in 1871, and, although Mr. Quinton gives a somewhat rosy-coloured view of Parisian life during that eventful period, his drama is stirring enough for all that. His principal characters are picturesquely treated. The heroine, Marie Graham, has married without telling her husband that she had previously contracted a marriage with Eugène Scara, which turned out to be bigamous, Scara having a wife alive. She believes Scara to be dead, but he turns up as a spy in the employ of the Germans, forces the wife to aid him in copying an important despatch which had been entrusted to the keeping of her husband,

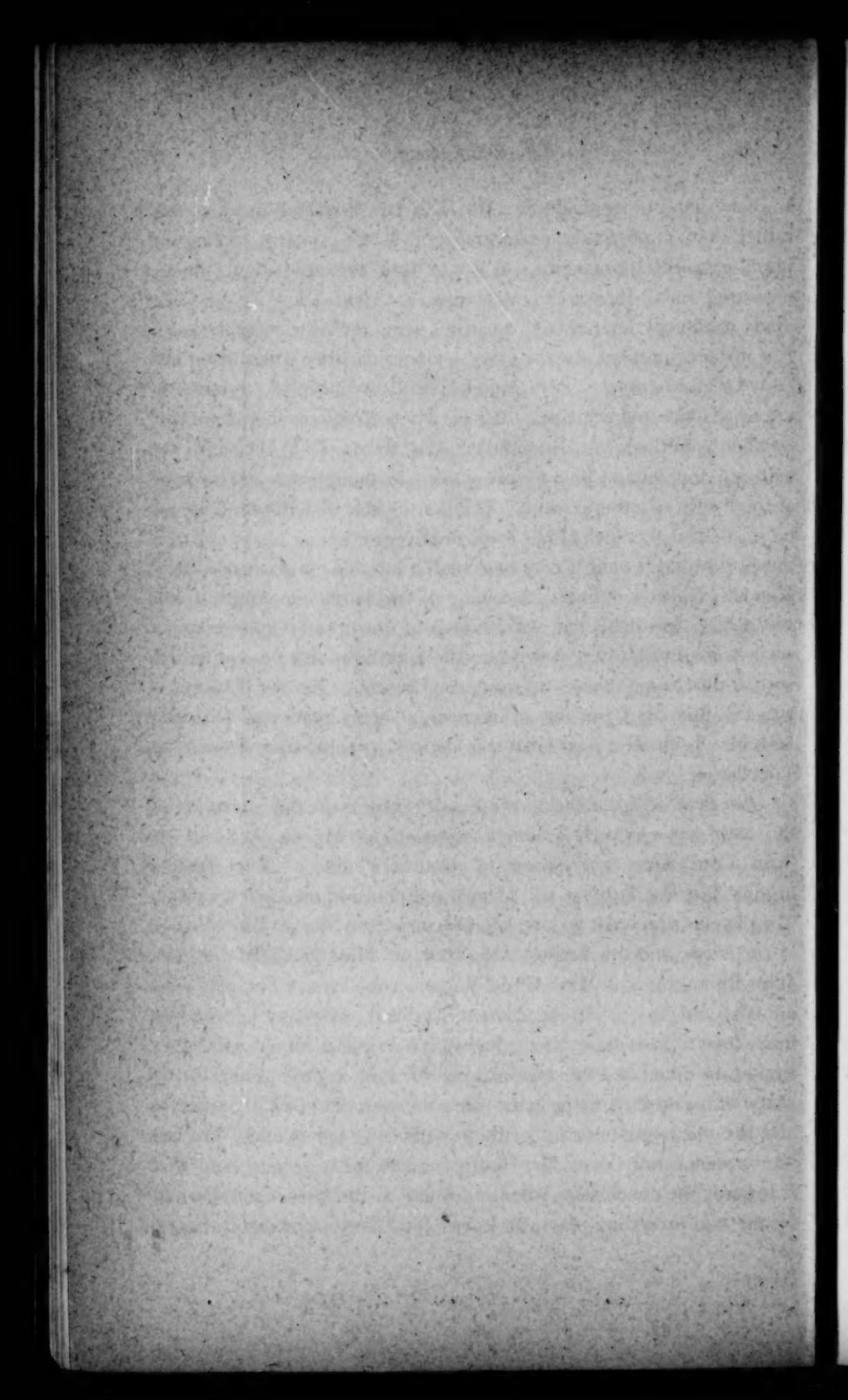
and, on being discovered, Scara denounces Marie as his former mistress. This scene closes the second act, and is skilfully worked up. But the drama falls off thereafter, and the third and last act is not nearly so good as the others. It is almost needless to say that husband and wife are reconciled, and that the villain stands confessed, and meets a traitor's fate. The heroine was excellently portrayed by Miss Ada Cavendish.

The most interesting event of the month was the revival, at the St. James's Theatre, of *As You Like It*. The general representation savoured but little of the true Shakespearian spirit, the note of sadness which runs through the comedy was entirely lost, and an idea seemed to be present in the minds of the principal performers that a rather boisterous merriment should prevail. Brilliance of effect in scenery and costumes was obtained at the expense of the poetry of the story. Mr. Lewis Wingfield, who was responsible for the adornment of the play, laid the action in the time of Charles VII. of France, and dressed it accordingly. His guards were doubtless attired with perfect accuracy; and I do not dispute the statement that Celia "might have walked out of one of Froissart's illuminated pages." But the appearance of the guards was certainly grotesque, and Celia's head-dress was exceedingly trying to the actress. However, these blemishes belong to the first act only. Thereafter the costumes were rich in material and exquisite in design, although, Mr. Wingfield's opinion notwithstanding, the spirit of the comedy was not sustained by the abolition of the customary suits of Lincoln-green. When Orlando saw the courtly and gaily-caparisoned foresters, he would not have delivered himself so roughly, and his well-known apostrophe to the Duke would have been quite unnecessary. The same light touch belonging to the scenery and costumes was attached to the new vocal and instrumental music specially composed by Mr. Alfred Cellier. It is no disparagement to the composer of *The Sultan of Mocha* to say that his music did not evince the Shakespearean spirit, or assist the words. It was far too light, and suggestive of comic opera, and not to be compared for a moment to the compositions for the same play of Dr. Arne. It was good, in its way, but



MRS. KENDAL
As ROSALIND.

ENGRAVED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRAUD, 363, OXFORD STREET, W.



scarcely suited to its purpose. Mrs. Kendal's Rosalind was a clever rather than a *spirituelle* performance. It was greatly lacking in impulse, spirit, spontaneity. It was a little too studied at times; measured rather than arch; calculating, not vivacious. Points were made needlessly intense, and speeches were rendered unduly long. For instance, instead of expressing a joyous surprise when Rosalind finds Orlando's rhymes, Mrs. Kendal read the lines with a dramatic intensity quite out of place. Again, when Rosalind discovers that Orlando is in the forest, Rosalind's "Alas, the day! What shall I do with my doublet and hose?" was spoken as though the actress were at the height of a tragic scene. It is conceivable that Rosalind would be startled at the idea of her lover discovering her in man's apparel, but her dismay would hardly take such a forcible expression as Mrs. Kendal gave to it. Then Rosalind's "O ominous! he comes to kill my heart," was delivered with a look of terror and apprehension such as might be fittingly worn on the approach of an assassin, and with a distressing pause between each word. Mr. W. H. Kendal was a well-looking, but not an interesting representative of Orlando, and Mr. John Hare was far too dapper, precise, and incisive as Touchstone.

The Opal Ring, acted at the Court Theatre on the afternoon of the 28th, was a cleverly-written adaptation, by Mr. G. W. Godfrey, from *Péril dans la Demeure* of Octave Feuillet. The French original first saw light at the Comédie Française, on April 19, 1855. Tom Taylor adapted it for the Adelphi, under the title of *The "House" or the Home*, and this version was acted on May 16, 1859, with Mr. John Billington and Mrs. Alfred Wigan in the cast. The play runs on very old lines. An overbusied husband, who has no time to make love to his young wife, a handsome stripling, who is extremely anxious to undertake the love-making for him, a good genius in the shape of his mother, a neglected wife; these are the *dramatis personæ*, and the mere enumeration of them suffices to tell the tale. In but one instance only does Mr. Godfrey break fresh ground, and that is towards the conclusion, when, contrary to the precedent afforded by the two preceding plays, he leaves Sir George Carteret in happy

ignorance of the storm that has been brewing around him. Having made this alteration, it is to be regretted that the present adapter did not carry his work of renovation somewhat farther. The play would be strengthened, and gain greatly in interest if we were permitted to make the heroine's acquaintance before the second act ; and the inability of Sir George to recognise the handwriting of one of his own clerks does not say much for his sagacity or penetration. From an exceptionally strong cast Mr. Arthur Cecil must be selected for especial praise. His portrayal of a gouty old gentleman was most lifelike, and it is to be regretted that the word "perfection" has become too hackneyed to convey an adequate idea of the extreme polish of his acting. Voice, manner, gestures, were all in keeping, and in this addition to his fine portrait gallery of old men, Mr. Cecil surpassed himself. Equally at home was Mr. John Clayton as Sir George Carteret. In his endeavour to play in an unconventional and manly fashion, this actor has occasionally shown himself somewhat too bluff in his dealings with women, but in this impersonation this tendency was checked with the happiest results. The ladies' parts were less satisfactorily filled. Miss Marion Terry acted very prettily as the young wife, but the fatal mistake of not letting her be seen until the second act heavily handicapped her. A part of the clever scheming widow was utterly alien to the gentle, sympathetic acting of Miss Lydia Foote, and it is highly creditable to her resources as an artist that it was but very rarely that this knowledge was forced upon her audience. Mr. H. B. Conway played with his usual earnestness.

II.

FEBRUARY.

The School for Scandal at the Prince's.—*The Denhams* at the Court.—*The Hunchback* at the Lyceum.—*Junius; or, the Household Gods*.—*The Colour-Sergeant*.—Farewell performances of *Masks and Faces* at the Haymarket.

In the revival of *The School for Scandal*, which took place at the Prince's Theatre on February 10, Mrs. Langtry, as Lady Teazle, happily dispelled the ill-impression caused by her appearance the previous month in *La Princesse Georges*. She acted Lady Teazle with great spirit and captivating grace. It would be idle to pretend that she made a distinct dramatic success in the part, but her charm of voice and manner certainly captivated the spectators. Strange to say, having exchanged the costume of modern Paris for that of the latter end of the eighteenth century, she appeared more at her ease, and carried herself with a far more natural bearing than she did as the Princess George. Mrs. Langtry was naturally seen at her best in the earlier portions of the comedy, where the high spirits and gaiety of Lady Teazle were admirably depicted by her. The quarrel scene with Sir Peter was quite one of the most successful of her efforts on the stage. But in the more serious passages she, not unexpectedly, failed to convey the correct impression to the audience. After the fall of the screen, Mrs. Langtry's success as Lady Teazle concluded. There was a hollowness, an insincerity, an inability to use the pathetic stop in her voice, which quite marred the effect that should be caused by Lady Teazle's address to Sir Peter. In short, the comedy in Lady Teazle's character was quite excellently shown by Mrs. Langtry, but the dramatic side of the character was entirely ignored. The support accorded the actress was strangely varied. Mr. William

Farren, repeating his well-known impersonation of Sir Peter Teazle, imparted to the part the true air of old comedy, and helped the play more than anyone else in the cast. But Mr. Beerbohm-Tree surprisingly misconstrued Joseph Surface. He was too palpable a villain to deceive anybody for a moment. The persuasiveness of the character was entirely lost by him, and, consequently, Joseph became rather a bore. Mr. Tree is such an artist that not a little surprise was caused by his misconception of the part. He "let the play down," as the phrase goes, to an enormous extent in the screen scene with his long pauses and melodramatic intensity. Despite his fine dresses, there was no polish, refinement, or "sentiment" in his voice, carriage, or acting. It was a thoroughly disappointing performance all through. The Charles Surface of Mr. C. F. Coghlan deservedly met with the warmest applause from the audience. Mr. Coghlan is undoubtedly the best representative of Charles that I have seen. He was easy, graceful, full of good spirits and abandonment, without the slightest trace of affectation. Mr. F. Everill acted with his customary skill and ability as Sir Oliver, and considerably helped the play whenever he was on the stage. Mrs. Arthur Stirling's experience greatly assisted the somewhat risky part of Mrs. Candour, but Miss Kate Pattison failed to catch the spirit of the part of Lady Sneerwell. She was fidgetty and nervous throughout.

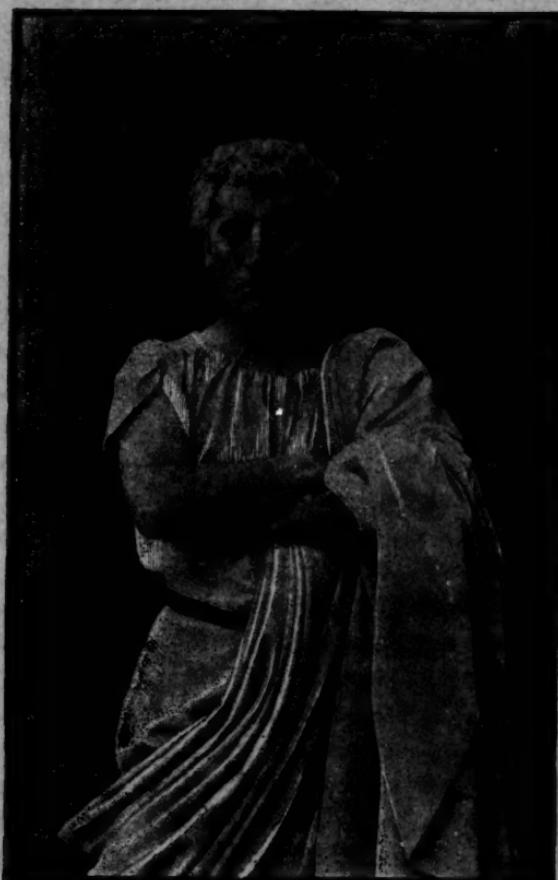
The Denhams, Mr. James Albery's adaptation of *Les Fourchambault* was revived at the Court Theatre on the 21st of this month. M. Emile Augier has a habit of moralising, and exalting virtue on the stage. But his morality often leaves an unpleasant taste in the mouth, and a little too much vice has to be exhibited before virtue can be depicted in its full glory of stainless innocence. Mr. Gilbert's "young lady of fifteen," who is supposed to sit in judgment of English authors on the first night of each new work, would certainly be shocked at any of M. Augier's thoughtful, clever, and polished productions. Had she been present at the Théâtre Français in April, 1878, when *Les Fourchambault* was acted for the first time, the spectacle of the grey-haired, betrayed mother, the

picture of the loud, extravagant wife, and the portrait of the insolent, but otherwise incomprehensible, son, would certainly have given a severe shock to her sensitive nature, and would have caused her to turn against the unpleasant nature of the story. Nor could she, despite the fine acting of Sophie Croizette and Mdlle. Agar, and the superb impersonations afforded by Got and Coquelin, have forgiven the sin of calumny which is the theme of the play. However, the comedy made a distinct success, and its presentation on the English stage became inevitable. Mr. James Albery took the task in hand, with the result that *The Crisis* was brought out at the Hay-market on December 2, 1878, and secured a run of thirteen weeks. Mr. H. Howe was the putative father, Mr. Denham ; Mr. W. Terriss acted the unaccountable character of Fawley Denham ; Mr. David Fisher, junr., was the designing Lord William Whitehead ; the late Charles Kelly was the illegitimate and effusively affectionate son, John Goring ; Mrs. John Wood was the extravagant and witty Mrs. Denham ; Miss Lucy Buckstone appeared as Blanche Denham ; Miss Louise Moodie acted the betrayed Mrs. Goring ; and Miss Eastlake was the wrongly suspected Haidée Burnside. Mr. Albery's task was a difficult and a delicate one, but he accomplished it fairly well. He preserved the original story as well as might have been expected, and his dialogue is bright, witty, and to the purpose, although it occasionally oversteps the bounds of propriety and, in the stronger passages is considerably strained. Not content, however, with giving the French story and, for the most part, his own dialogue, he went further, and endeavoured to adapt the play ; in short, he made an effort at Anglicising a story and characters which do not admit of change. French Madame Fourchambault became in name only English Mrs. Denham, and the other names were altered in like manner. But the change went no further. It was impossible for Mr. Albery to take away the French sentiment, and so his "adaptation" remains English in name only. However, it is a good work of its kind, and for the one sensitive young lady of fifteen whom it would shock there are hundreds of persons of a mature age who may find ample enjoyment in so cleverly-constructed and well-written a comedy.

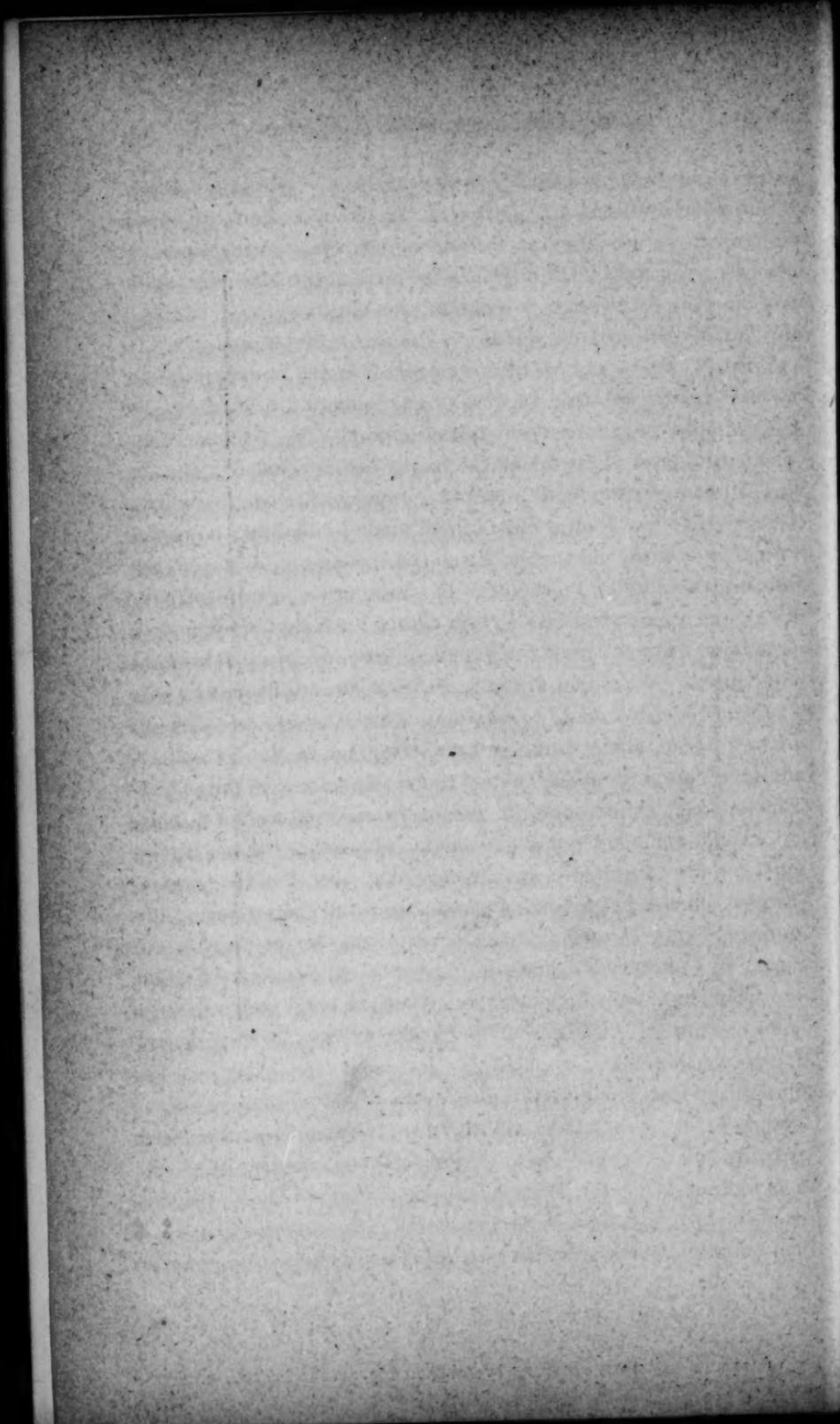
The play was, in most respects, better acted on its revival than it was at the Haymarket. Mr. John Clayton was well fitted as John Goring, a character which he played with admirable discretion, fine power, and much pathos. Mrs. John Wood was the only member of the original cast who appeared in the revival. Her impersonation afforded evident and extreme delight to her audience.

Miss Mary Anderson appeared at the Lyceum, on the 24th, as Julia in *The Hunchback*. Sheridan Knowles's play was found to be too artificial and out of date, and this accomplished actress vainly strove to galvanise it into life.

The most important dramatic event of the early part of the year was the production, on the 26th, at the Princess's Theatre, of the late Lord Lytton's five-act play, *Junius; or, the Household Gods*, concerning which the following notice appeared:—"The length of time that has elapsed between the writing of the play by the late Lord Lytton which has just been brought out by Mr. Wilson Barrett, and its production on the stage may be accounted for by several reasons. In the first place, we hold that the piece possesses but little interest for the popular ear. The outrage practised on Lucrece is naturally repulsive rather than interesting, and the expulsion of the Tarquins from Rome is not a subject of great attraction to the play-going public. Few plays devoid of a love interest have lived upon the stage. Twist or turn it what way you will, introduce it how you may, a love interest must be attached to a play that is intended to win public approbation. Again, when the two leading male characters are of equal strength and importance the sympathy of the audience becomes divided, and vacillates between one character and the other, never becoming firmly and wholly centred in one of the two characters. Lord Lytton's play suffers from all these disadvantages. It is a beautiful piece of work in many respects—noble in its language, lofty in its thought, simple, yet powerful in its expression, skilful in its painting of character. It is devoid of the trick, the artifice, the mechanical effort which so often mar the beauty of the author's previous work; each scene springs naturally out of the other, and the spectator does not feel that he is being deluded by a show



MR. WILSON BARRETT.
(*JUNIUS.*)



of mere cleverness or a palpable theatrical effect. The play, indeed, is distinctly non-theatrical. That is to say, it is free from the tinsel and tawdriness, the bombast and affectation, the unreality and the obviously mechanical effort which, in plays of this class, too often take the place of elevated thought and poetical language. To say this is to give the work high praise. *Junius; or, the Household Gods,* is worthy of the support of the intelligent and the thoughtful, but, for the reasons we have suggested, we doubt if it will satisfy the general public and secure their strong support. The repulsive crime which is the pivot of the drama can hardly be expected to gain the same amount of attention from the playgoer as is won by a love interest. The love for the State is here made to do duty for the love of man for woman, and such a change of feeling on the stage is not very acceptable to the multitude. In omitting to give his play the love element, perhaps Lord Lytton wished to avoid the suggestion of imitation from the most celebrated of the previous plays on the same subject. We allude, of course, to John Howard Payne's tragedy of *Brutus; or, the Fall of Tarquin*, in which the love of Titus, the son of Lucius Junius Brutus, for the daughter of the Tarquin, is introduced, and eventually leads up to the finest scene in the play:— Titus has been endeavouring to escape from Rome with Tarquinia, he is caught and condemned to death, and his father has to give the signal for his execution. In Payne's play, also, the character of Brutus is allowed to predominate and absorb the greater part of the interest, Sextus Tarquin playing a very insignificant part on the stage. In Lytton's work, however, it is different; Brutus and Tarquin are characters of equal importance. They vie with each other for interest, if not for sympathy. The handsome Tarquin, with his love for wine and women, surrounded by slaves and sycophants, reigning through the fear, though not the affection, of his subjects, is a grand contrast to the wronged and innocent, but, be it confessed, the somewhat dull and preachy Brutus. Even after the committal of his outrage, interest is felt for Sextus Tarquin, and it is only in the final scene of all, and at the last moment in the play, when Tarquin quails before stern Brutus, that the sympathy of the spectator entirely

departs from him. It will thus be seen that the two characters run each other closely all through the drama for sympathy. The attention thus becomes divided, and is not bestowed on either one character or the other. As we have endeavoured to show, the disadvantages under which the play labours are considerable. We have dwelt upon these disadvantages, because it will be interesting in aftertimes to note the fate of a play so handicapped as this. There is no necessity to repeat the story that has been so vividly told by Shakespeare in his "Rape of Lucrece." The story of Tarquin's outrage on Lucrece, of the death of Lucrece by her own hand, of her calling on the Romans to avenge her honour, of the reputed fool, Brutus, taking the lead in the revolt against Tarquin, and the latter's overthrow, is known all the world over. The first two acts of Lord Lytton's play are undeniably dull. They deal with Tarquin's desire to possess Lucretia, and the first signs of the coming revolt. The third act is entirely devoted to Tarquin's visit to Lucretia, the fourth to Tarquin's guilty remorse after his vile deed and the telling by Lucretia of the outrage, while the last act depicts the overthrow of Sextus Tarquin, and the consequent freedom of Rome—Sextus being stabbed to death by Brutus on the steps of his throne. Mr. Wilson Barrett is the Lucius Junius Brutus, a part which he acts with great skill, tenderness, and, where it is required, with fine power; his admirable elocution is of invaluable service to the somewhat long and talkative passages allotted to Brutus. More than this, however, cannot be said of his acting, for the character, to our thinking, is not particularly good on the stage, inasmuch as it does not demand more than ordinary ability from the actor. The Sextus Tarquin of Mr. E. S. Willard is a fine performance, instinct with thought, feeling, and expression. Mr. Willard succeeds in obtaining a thorough grasp of the character, and in depicting it with a vivid and forcible art. In Sextus Tarquin, as personated by Mr. Willard, we see the growing passion and desire for Lucretia gradually rising to fever heat; we see the almost tigerish ferocity and thirst of the man as he slinks into Lucretia's chamber; and in that scene where the guilty prince returns after he has satisfied his lust,

we call to mind Shakespeare's fine description of the abashed slayer of his kinsman's honour. It is pleasant to be able to congratulate Miss Eastlake on the advance which she has made by her acting as Lucretia. She has cast aside the mannerisms which have previously disfigured her performances, and acts with a more natural manner than is general with her. Her interpretation of the character is eminently touching, her description of the outrage, in particular, being given with keen insight and nice discretion." *Junius*, it may be added, was withdrawn after a run of thirty nights.

This ill-fated play was preceded on the first night by *The Colour-Sergeant*, a new and original one-act drama from the pen of Mr. Brandon Thomas. This little play is excellent in its way. Its story is interesting, its treatment is effective, and its dialogue is to the point. Its author possesses the happy gift for a dramatist of knowing where to stop. He does not let his characters run away with their thoughts, or speak too much. The story which he sets forth is consequently told with more than ordinary effect. The scene of the drama is laid in a barber's shop, kept by a retired colour-sergeant, who has been robbed and wounded by a gang of thieves, amongst whom he believes his son to have been. He has sworn never to acknowledge the boy again. The young man, who is secretly married to his father's adopted daughter, has become a soldier. He returns home, and is repulsed by his parent. But, on throwing open his coat and revealing the badge of a colour-sergeant, and on producing other testimonials of bravery and good conduct, a reconciliation takes place, father and son are reunited, and peace is restored to the domestic hearth. The character of a "bargee," who has much to do with the reconciliation, found a life-like embodiment in Mr. George Barrett, one of our ablest comedians.

The farewell performances of *Masks and Faces* by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, previous to their retirement from the stage, were commenced at the Haymarket on the 28th. This three-act comedy, it may be noted, was first produced at the Haymarket Theatre, on Saturday, November 20, 1852, when the late Benjamin Webster was the lessee of the house. Mrs. Stirling was the original representative

of Peg Woffington in Messrs. Charles Reade and Tom Taylor's play, and Leigh Murray, who was equally at home as the lover of light comedy or the more serious lover of drama, was Sir Charles Pomander. The accomplished lessee was the first and, according to those who can remember his performance, the only Triplet. "That is a charming scene," wrote Professor Henry Morley, in his "*Journal of a London Playgoer*," "where Peg visits the poor poet in his garret, while his ailing wife and starving children are sadly interrupting the flow of its comic muse. Nothing here was lost in Mr. Webster's hands—the angry fretfulness followed by instant remorse, the efforts of self-restraint which are but efforts in vain, the energy that fitfully breaks out, and then pitifully breaks down, and the final loss of hope, even of faith, in a better providence which is to set right all that misery and wrong—the picture was complete, and set forth with its immemorial Grub Street appendages of no shirt, but ragged and ample cuffs." The next important occasion on which the piece saw the light was at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, in November, 1875, with Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft respectively as James Triplet and Peg Woffington, Mr. Coghlan as Sir Charles Pomander, Mr. Frank Archer as Ernest Vane, and Miss Ellen Terry as Mabel Vane. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft revived the comedy again at the Haymarket Theatre on February 5, 1881, themselves re-appearing in the characters they undertook in 1875, Mr. H. B. Conway acting Sir Charles Pomander, Mr. Arthur Dacre playing Ernest Vane, Mr. Arthur Cecil representing Colley Cibber, and Miss Marion Terry, following her sister as Mabel Vane. In the revival under notice Mrs. Bancroft impersonated Peg Woffington "for the last times," Mr. Bancroft again giving his admirable rendering of Triplet.

III.

MARCH.

The Mikado; or, the Town of Titipu.—The Magistrate.

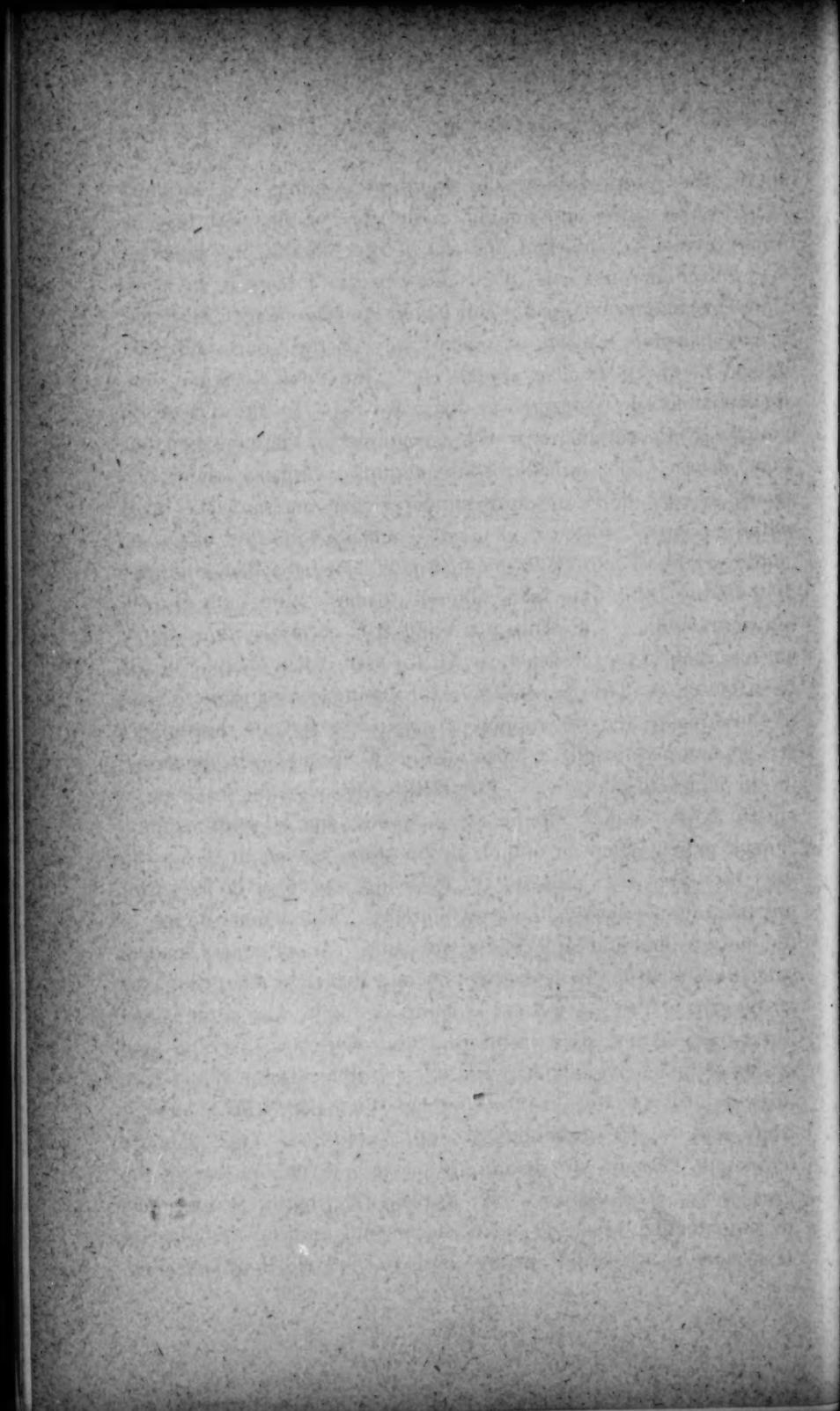
The month of March was made memorable by the production of *The Mikado* and *The Magistrate*, the two most successful plays of the year. *The Mikado; or, the Town of Titipu* is the full title of the new and original Japanese opera, written by W. S. Gilbert, composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan, and brought out on March 14 at the Savoy Theatre, where it is still in the full tide of its popularity. Gilbert and Sullivan have long been popular, not only with the playgoer, but in the domestic circle. Their works are heard with acclamation in the theatre, they are presented on the public platform, they are given on land and sea, they are known to the ardent first-nighter and the secluded parson alike. In short, the works of this popular author and this gifted musician are veritable household words. In London they have filled first the Opéra Comique, then the Savoy Theatre through season after season, from year's end to year's end. They have established for themselves a special class of playgoers and an exceptionable body of supporters. They have become not only a fashion, but a permanent institution with us. If Londoners were suddenly deprived of the Savoy Theatre, with its talented composer, its witty author, and its enterprising manager, there would be a positive blank in our midst. W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan have done more good work for the drama than is generally recognised. They have, to a great extent, abolished the meretricious opera-bouffe and the flimsy, vulgar burlesque, and have given us in place of these noxious productions, a style of entertainment which pleases the imagination

and is absolutely free from that touch of coarseness which so often degrades the modern school of comic opera. Gilbert and Sullivan have brought out over six comic operas, which have sustained one theatre continuously for as many years. And every year their task grows more and more difficult. The author, on the one hand, is expected to imbue his book with more original ideas and brighter language than before, while, on the other hand, the composer is expected to produce far better music than he has previously composed. Starting so well as Gilbert and Sullivan did, their new productions have yearly grown unusually difficult. The success which has hitherto attended their efforts is sufficient proof of the manner in which they have set aside every obstacle in their path. It is well to note that they have success in their own hands. They have obtained such a hold upon the public, that it was scarcely necessary for them to exert themselves very greatly in their new efforts. Yet, in each successive year we find librettist and composer advancing in rapid strides in their respective vocations. Mr. Gilbert still, it is true, keeps to his original idea of turning everything topsy-turvy, and taking a Dundrearean idea of the world and its doings; but his lyrics are quite as graceful now as they were in the days gone by, and his book is as witty, as clever, and as diverting as any of his previous libretti. But, it must be confessed, Sir Arthur Sullivan advances far quicker than does his collaborateur. The trio of the Japanese maidens, "Three little maids from school!" is quite as quaint and catching as anything that has previously emanated from the same composer, and there is a patter song which is fit to rank with "The ruler of the Queen's navee," or any one of the other songs of a similar character which have helped to bring Sir Arthur Sullivan into so much prominence. But, apart from catchy airs and laughter-provoking patter songs, the present opera is, from a musician's point of view, a vast advance upon its fellows. It possesses, at times, the touch of grand opera, as, for instance, the finale to the first act, the orchestration of which is perfect and worthy of a nobler subject. The music of the new opera is, in itself, quite sufficient to make a success, but it is ably supported by the excellent



MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH.

(*THE MIKADO.*)



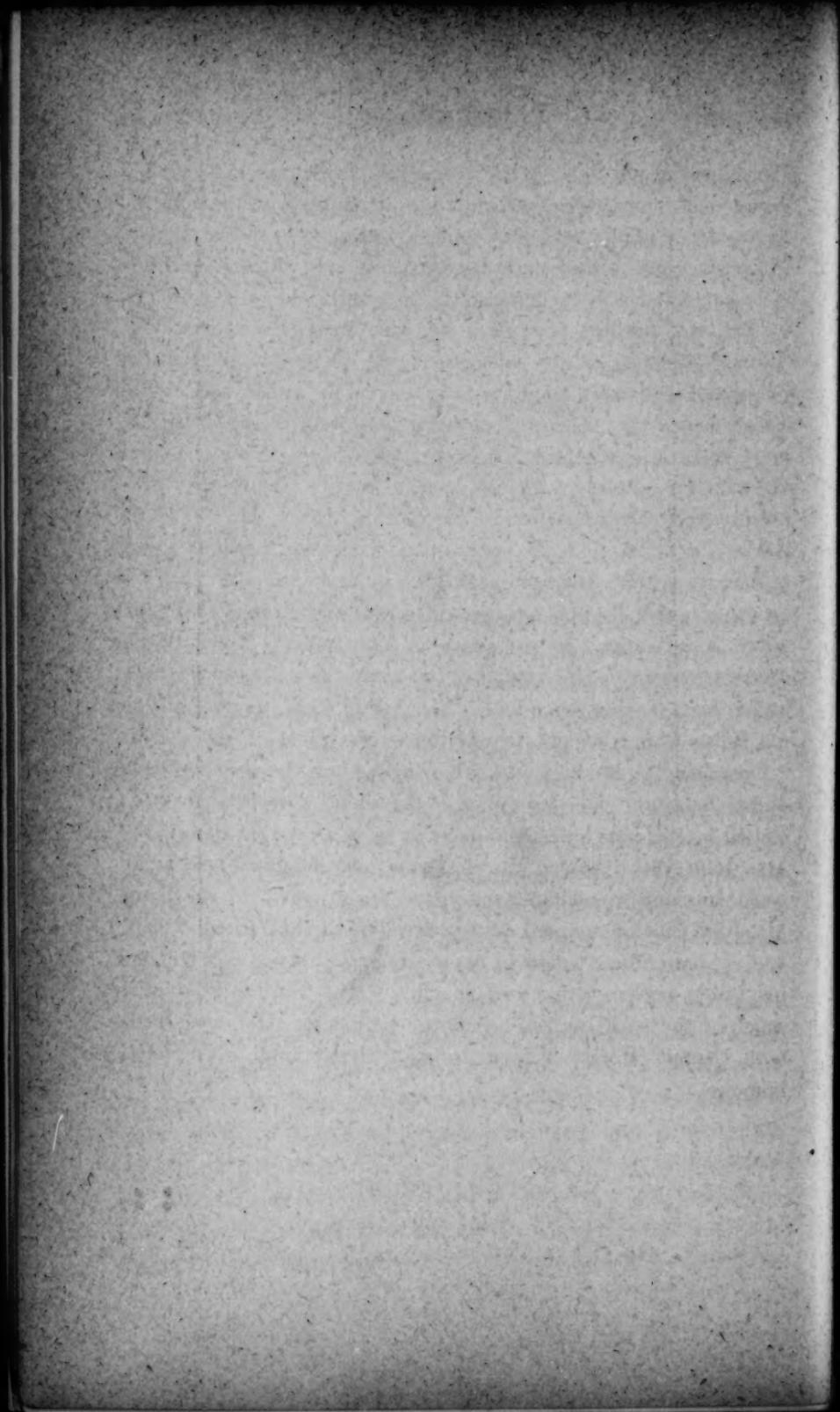
libretto, the pretty dresses, the handsome setting, and, in most cases, by the acting and singing. The story of the piece may be briefly related. Nanki-Poo, the son of the Mikado, has fallen in love with Yum-Yum, one of the three wards of Ko-Ko, the Lord Chief Executioner of Japan. But Nanki-Poo has offended his father by not marrying Katisha, an elderly lady of the Court, and he is obliged to travel about as a minstrel. Yum-Yum loves him, but, unfortunately, she is engaged to marry Ko-Ko. By the law of the country, every criminal is his own executioner, so that no executions take place. The Mikado, consequently, complains about the dearth of executions, and also announces that one must take place within a month. Ko-Ko is at his wit's end to obey the royal mandate, and he arranges with Nanki-Poo that he is to be beheaded at the end of a month, Nanki-Poo being allowed to marry Yum-Yum prior to his decapitation. The Mikado arriving, it is necessary for proof of an execution to be furnished, so Ko-Ko states that Nanki-Poo has been beheaded. The erstwhile minstrel is then declared to be the son of the Mikado, and the supposed executioner and his accomplices are condemned to suffer a horrid death for having been concerned in the demise of the prince. But Katisha discovers the real state of affairs, Ko-Ko and his friends are pardoned, and all ends happily. I have merely given an outline of the story, leaving to those who see the opera the pleasure of following the plot in its quaint intricacies and enjoying the witty libretto. The acting success of the piece is undoubtedly made by the ladies. Miss Leonora Braham sings most charmingly as the heroine, and exactly catches the spirit of the part. Miss Jessie Bond is dainty and interesting as one of the three maidens, and Miss Rosina Brandram gives a dramatic piece of acting as the elderly lady who vainly loves the handsome Nanki-Poo. Miss Sybil Grey also sings well in her small part. Mr. Durward Lely is a capital representative of Nanki-Poo. Mr. George Grossmith fails, in my opinion, to elicit any humour out of the Lord Chief Executioner. Mr. Rutland Barrington is admirable as a gentleman who rolls many offices into one for the purpose of accumulating sordid wealth. Mr. R. Temple is an excellent

representative of the Mikado, who only appears in the latter of the two acts. The opera has been mounted in the most lavish manner, Mr. Hawes Craven's scenery being in quite the best style of that artist.

Mr. A. W. Pinero's merry three-act farce, *The Magistrate*, was acted at the Court Theatre, on the 21st, and has only just ceased its prosperous career at that house. This piece is brimful of good, honest fun, with all the briskness of the Palais-Royal pieces, without any of their objectionable features. Although the motive is not strong, it is so well celebrated, the dialogue is so smart; and every opportunity capable of producing laughter is so well treated, that the farce proved one of the most amusing productions of the English stage for some years past. Mrs. Posket, with the not unusual objection that ladies have to letting their actual age be known, has married Mr. Posket, an exemplarily mild and philanthropic magistrate, and led him to believe that she is five years younger than she really is. To carry out this story she has represented Cis Farringdon, her son by a former marriage, as being only fourteen instead of nineteen. The young gentleman is precocious even beyond his real number of years, but being dressed by his mother as an Eton boy, is petted by the ladies and treated only as a child. He, however, indulges in all the pleasures of a young man—has a room at the Hôtel des Princes, where he gives suppers and generally runs riot. To this hotel he induces Posket, his respected stepfather, to come one evening and sup with him. On the same evening Mrs. Poskett had learned that Colonel Lukyn, an old friend of her husband's and her boy's god-father, has been asked to dine at her house. With the view of begging him not to divulge the secret of her son's age, she goes to his lodgings with her sister, but finding he has gone to the Hôtel des Princes, follows him there. Colonel Lukyn is going to sup with a friend, Captain Vale, engaged to Charlotte, Mrs. Posket's sister. He hears her story and promises not to betray her, offers them refreshment, but they stay so long that the landlord announces that the police are at the door, intending to search the house to see if there are any visitors in it after prohibited hours, and that all must hide.



"THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL."
(THE MIKADO.)



The lights are put out. Mrs. Posket gets under the table, and is soon joined there by her husband, who unwittingly has crept to the same place of refuge in endeavouring to escape from the next room. The police enter, and discover the concealed ones, with the exception of Posket, who has in the confusion been dragged out on to a balcony by Cis, and, crashing through a skylight, these two escape. The Colonel, objecting to the ladies not being allowed to go free after giving their addresses, commits an assault on the police, and so they are all locked up. The next morning they have to appear at Mulberry Police Court before Mr. Posket, who, having been chased all night by the officers of the law, is in a terrible plight, and, in his nervous state of mind, sentences the party to "seven days." In the last act, at Posket's house, a brother magistrate manages to set matters straight by having re-heard the case and upset the conviction on the plea that the prisoners were all guests of the precocious youth who is to be shipped off to Canada as soon as he is of age and has married a *protégée* of his stepfather's, to whom, as well as to the cook, he has been making fierce love. Mr. Arthur Cecil, as the innocent magistrate who is taught the mysteries of a game of cards, called "Fireworks," by the hopeful Cis Farringdon, was the very perfection of the character. His description of the night's horrors when being chased by the police was inimitable in its mock tragic description. Mrs. John Wood played the deceiving and indignant wife in her usual laughter-provoking manner, and fairly convulsed the house. Mr. John Clayton adopted quite a new line as the retired, "bluff," and yet sententious, Colonel Lukyn. His make-up was excellent, and his acting replete with clever touches. Miss Marion Terry made much of the small part of Charlotte Verinder. Her love scenes with Captain Horace Vale, a thorough "heavy swell," were full of humour.

IV.

APRIL.

Under Fire.—*The Last Chance*.—*Peril at the Prince's*.—*The Excursion Train*.—*Open House*.—*Old Harry*.—*Ours at the Haymarket*.—Mr. John S. Clarke's re-appearance.—Miss Mary Anderson's Farewell.—*Bad Boys*.

The first production of April, occurring on the ominous first day of this month, was an ill-fated comedy, in four acts, by the veteran dramatist, Dr. Westland Marston, entitled *Under Fire*, and brought out at the Vaudeville. For purposes of reference the story of the play may be given here. The curtain rises on the exterior of Lady Fareham's house, on the borders of Wales. Lady Fareham has been married when extremely young, so that she and her only child, Carrie, are more like two sisters than mother and daughter. Lady Fareham is a widow. She is surrounded by her friends, and all is happiness itself, when a certain Mrs. Naylor arrives. A sarcastic but witty gentleman, Charles Wolverley, in search of a heroine for a novel which he is about to write, appeals to the guests to help him out of his difficulty, and, from some suggestions given by Mrs. Naylor, it appears that she is possessed of an unfortunate incident in Lady Fareham's life. She wishes to extort money from Lady Fareham as the price of her silence, hence her visit. A poor, but honest, straightforward gentleman-farmer, Guy Morton, is in love with Carrie Fareham. He proposes for the girl's hand, but is rejected. Lady Fareham, however, learns, before Guy Morton hears the news, that he is the possessor, through the sudden death of a near relative, of a title and rich estates. She accordingly leads him to hope that he

may win Carrie for his wife, this scene closing the first act. In the second act we learn Lady Fareham's secret. It seems that her father, who was a strolling player in a company of French comedians, had been convicted of the crime of murder. She has passed herself off among her late husband's relations as the daughter of a younger branch of an illustrious family. Her story is known only to Mrs. Naylor, who threatens to reveal it. But Sir Guy Morton has a hold over Mrs. Naylor; he possesses the proofs of a forgery committed by her. So Lady Fareham tells her secret to her daughter, whom she induces to promise to marry Sir Guy, so that she may be free from any possible annoyance from Mrs. Naylor. A scene occurs in this act, when Lady Fareham and Mrs. Naylor cleverly fence with each other before a room full of people, the latter being finally worsted by her antagonist and ordered from the house. In the third act, Sir Guy discovers that Carrie loves the showy gentleman, Charles Wolverley, and accordingly resigns her hand. The last act takes place at Tenby. Lady Fareham, thanks to the inquisitiveness and utter selfishness of Wolverley, is confronted by her former manager, M. de Bellecourville, who, however, fails to recognise in the elegant and apparently self-possessed lady of society the once popular singer and actress of his troupe. It now transpires that Lady Fareham's father was quite innocent of crime, so there is no longer any need for subterfuge. Wolverton, having proved himself a thorough scoundrel, is, of course, rejected by Carrie Fareham, who bestows her hand on the honest Sir Guy Morton, and all ends happily. The most onerous task of the evening fell to Miss Amy Roselle, who played Lady Fareham to perfection. She was elegant and distinguished all through. She held her audience from her very first scene to her last. In the strong passage in the second act, the duel between the two women, she was quite admirable. It was, in short, a performance of rare grasp of character, finish, and completeness.

On the 4th, a new and original drama by George R. Sims, in five acts, called *The Last Chance*, was brought out at the Adelphi. Concerning this play, a notice something similar to the following

appeared in print at the time : It cannot be contended that this piece as a dramatic work, pure and simple, deserves much success. Mr. Sims has before now told us, in other form, of the sorrows of "Outcast London"; he has vividly pictured the wretchedness of life in the courts and alleys of the East End ; and it is to the realisation of a scene from this sad life that he looks for sympathy in his new drama. Sharing as we do the sympathy which Mr. Sims feels and expresses for the unfortunate class of people whose cause he has espoused, we cannot help feeling that Mr. Sims has been a little too zealous in his cause, for he has sacrificed dramatic effect for the sake of obtaining sympathy for and exposing the miseries of the outcasts of the metropolis. His story professes to deal with the adventures of a young man who has been ousted from his rich estates, who is reduced to extreme poverty for a while, to receive, in the end, his property, and to see the cause, or, rather, one of the causes, of his misfortunes handed over to justice. But it is not the life and trials of Frank Daryll which gain the attention, applause, and sympathy of the audience ; they care very little about him, and pay far more attention to and are far more greatly moved and excited by the scene at the docks, where a crowd of starving men wait in the hope of getting a day's work—a scene which, after all, has little connection with the drama itself. Mr. Sims also does not seem as yet to be able to graphically depict his principal characters. His hero and heroine, his faithless woman, and his bad man, even his low comedian, are familiar types of character, but, as presented by Mr. Sims, they lack consistency, breadth, vigour, pathos—they are, in fact, imperfect sketches, which are alike disadvantageous to the play and the actor. Mr. Sims is far happier with the small fry of the drama. His minor characters live far longer in the memory than his principal ones. His Irish lodging-house keeper is a far better sketch of character than is his hero, and far more carefully depicted. Again, Mr. Sims generally ignores the ordinary ideas of construction. His drama is the most extraordinary combination of plots and counter-plots, of puzzling scenes and strange complications that ever was. Those who are accustomed to witnessing plays night after night are

amazed at the extraordinary involvements here presented. To accurately describe the plot within reasonable limits of space is an almost impossible task, yet we will attempt it for the benefit of the curious in these matters. The first scene of the five acts opens at Haddon Hall, Derbyshire, where we are promptly introduced to familiar characters: the young hero who, having sown his wild oats, has secretly married; the squire, who has a skeleton in the family cupboard; and the villain, who betrays the trust and virtue of a confiding girl. Richard Daryll, now surrounded by wealth, a trusting wife, and his dearly beloved son, is suddenly brought face to face with Marion Lisle, a Russian adventuress to whom he had been married in his early life, and whom, together with her son, he believed to be dead. For this bringing of the dead to life he has to thank an old enemy, one James Barton, who formerly loved Marion Lisle, and now produces her, so that she may shame Richard Daryll and obtain his wealth. For this purpose, Barton and Marion go to the Squire's house and obtain his promise to let the adventuress and her son have his money. The promise thus obtained is a somewhat odd incident. Richard Daryll knowing that his first son is the legitimate heir to his property, has made a deed of gift—duly signed and witnessed—transferring his money to Frank Daryll, and so disinheriting Rupert Lisle. James Barton sees this paper, and insists, at the price of Daryll's present wife being kept ignorant of the real state of affairs, on the Squire destroying the paper. The document is accordingly destroyed, and the act ends; but, so far as we can see, there is nothing whatever to prevent Daryll from preparing a new deed, for, in a case like this, a verbal promise might, in all conscientiousness, be broken. In the second act, little happens to advance the story. Richard Daryll dies, and Rupert Lisle, who thinks himself sure in possession of Daryll's wealth, is confronted by a cockney youth, who possesses a mysterious power over Lisle, and who insists on sharing his new fortune. The third act opens in Daryll's (hitherto known as the Lisles') house in London. The villain is living in affluence, and Barton, hitherto an out-and-out scoundrel, turns repentant, and turns against the adventuress, Marion, who, in

a scene which recalls a similar one in *Forget-Me-Not*, catches sight of a man who seeks her life for having betrayed her husband and caused his death. We then go to Blurton's Rents, Westminster, where Frank Daryll and his wife (a daughter, by the way, of James Barton) are starving. But it is impossible to feel sympathy for the strapping, well-dressed man who is represented by Mr. Charles Warner. A scene at the dock gates presents the crowd of hungry wretches alluded to above, who are waiting, as their "last chance," for a day's work. Daryll joins the crowd, gets selected for the overseer, and, in a scene which must be praised for its reality, is injured by the fall of a bale of goods. The fourth act takes us to Marion's apartments at Richmond, where, by means which we failed to discover, Daryll's wife has become a prisoner in Lisle's house. The woman, also—and for what reason is a like mystery—has lost the use of her senses. The gardens of Guy's Hospital at London Bridge present the convalescent Frank Daryll, who is threatened by Marion Lisle, but the lady is awed by the presence of the Nihilistic Karasoff, who is thirsting for revenge on her. The fifth and last act satisfactorily clears up matters; Marion Lisle goes to end her days in a convent, her son Rupert is arrested on a charge of murder, Frank Daryll is mysteriously restored to his house and money, and his wife is restored to him, and, on hearing the singing of a Christmas carol, her senses are restored to her. This act might appropriately have been described as the "Restoration Act." We have thus given an outline of the story, but of the thousand and one minor details which help to fill it out we have made no mention.

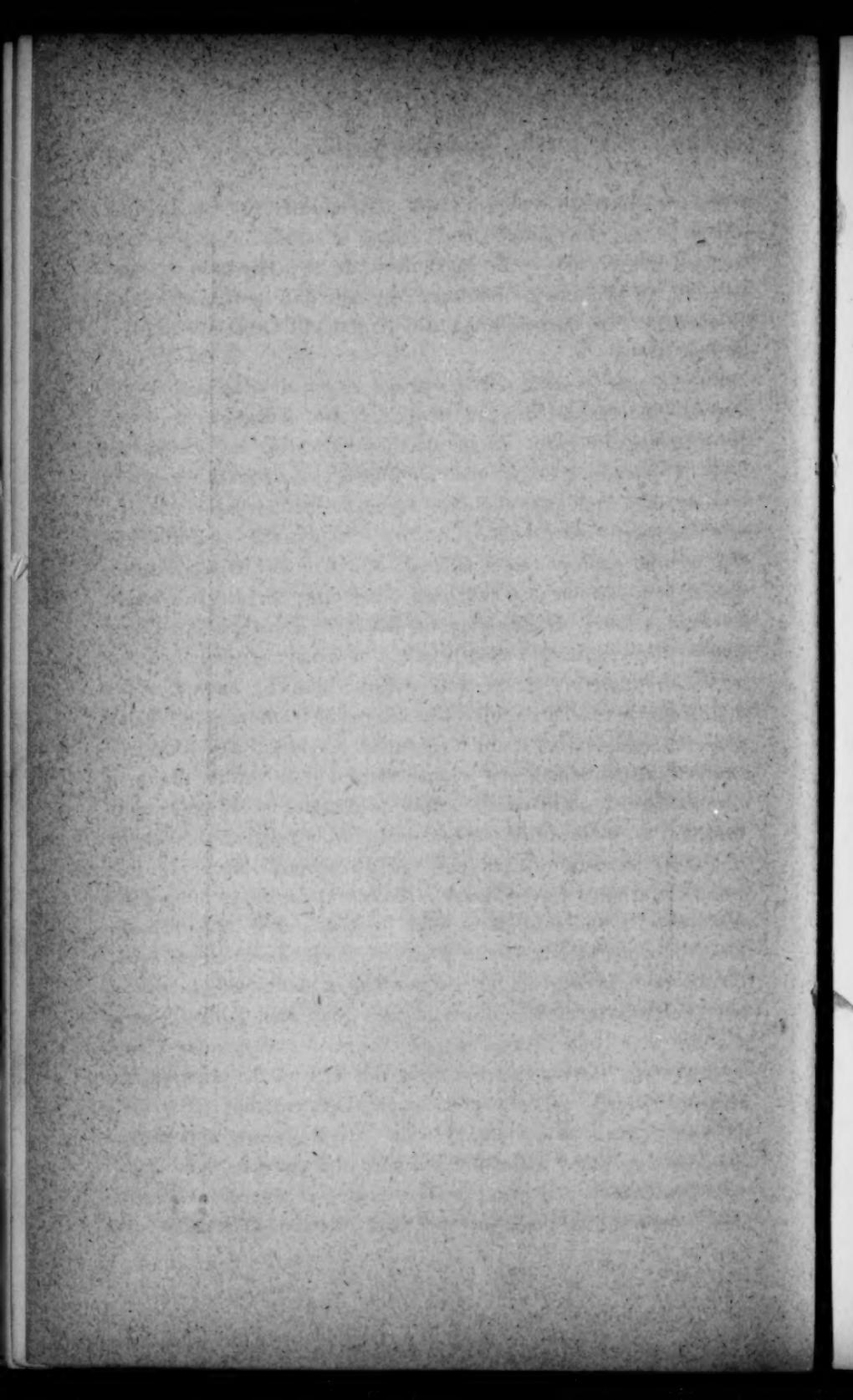
On the following Monday, the 6th, Mrs. Langtry made a successful appearance in *Peril*, at the Prince's Theatre, where the drama had a considerable run. Of this adaptation of Sardou's *Nos Intimes* it is not necessary to say much in this place. The original was produced at the Paris Gymnase in 1861. In 1871 it was represented by a French company in London. At the St. James's and Olympic it has been played under the titles of *Our Friends*, and *Friends or Foes*, and as *Bosom Friends* in America. The present adaptation, by B. C. Stephenson and Clement Scott, was first produced at the late Prince



MRS. LANGTRY.

(*PERIL.*)

ENGRAVED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, 30, WESTMORELAND
STREET, DUBLIN.



of Wales's Theatre in 1876, with Mrs. Kendal as Lady Ormond, and revived at the Haymarket on February 16, 1884, when Captain Bradford was played by Mr. H. B. Conway, Dr. Thornton by Mr. Bancroft, Sir Woodbine Grafton by Mr. Alfred Bishop, Sir George Ormond by Mr. Forbes-Robertson, and Lady Ormond by Mrs. Bernard-Beere.

On the same evening, *The Excursion Train*, an adaptation of *Le Train de Plaisir*, was brought out, under the management of Mr. David James, at the Opéra Comique, where its career was lamentably brief. The amusing French piece, in which no less than three writers—Alfred Hennequin, Arnold Mortier, and Albert de Saint-Albin—were concerned, was produced in Paris in April, 1884, and immediately secured a pronounced success. It was no matter for surprise, then, to find that the play had been bought for the English stage, and was in course of adaptation for that able comedian, Mr. David James. But it certainly was surprising to find that the adaptation had been accomplished in so slip-shod a manner that the humour of the original had been allowed to vanish, and even a good-natured holiday audience could find in it little cause for laughter. The combined efforts of the gentleman who chooses to be known as "the author of *The Candidate*" (a title which is open to dispute, for M. Alexandre Bisson is the *author* of that play), and Mr. W. Yardley, did not suffice to produce a satisfactory piece in *The Excursion Train*. The four acts of the original were reduced to three, and the fun of the original was lessened to the smallest possible quantity. The situations were treated to a process whereby they were rendered almost useless, while the dialogue was flat, bald, utterly wanting in spirit, and it only just succeeded in keeping the action of the farce from going to pieces. Had the piece been better acted its chance of success would have been greater. But on the first night the voice of the prompter was frequently heard, and it was abundantly evident that a few more rehearsals were sadly wanted. Mr. David James appeared as Aristides Cassegrain, a wealthy butcher, who marries his landlady's niece, and takes her to spend the honeymoon at Monaco. There he loses his money and that of his friends at roulette. The party being

without a single sou between them, enter a restaurant as servants pending the arrival of funds from Paris. Their extraordinary behaviour naturally attracts suspicion. They are arrested and cast into prison, to be duly released and restored to the pleasures of life.

Dr. Westland Marston's comedy, *Under Fire*, was succeeded at the Vaudeville, on the 16th of this month, by a new and original farcical comedy, in three acts, by the late Henry J. Byron, entitled *Open House*, which enjoyed a very little better fate than its predecessor. The following notice from *The Stage* proved singularly prophetic :—“The late Henry J. Byron's comedy, *Open House*, is an excellent example of the gifted author's style. The piece bristles with wit and smart sayings. It does not contain a single dull line from beginning to end, and the characters are depicted with life-like fidelity. But, be it said, the motive is of the very slightest possible interest, and no evidence of skill in its construction is visible. It is not to be compared in its interest to the immortal *Our Boys*, and, after witnessing the play when the audience comprised the general public, it does not appear at all surprising to us that it should have been kept on the managerial shelf for a couple of years. When it was first acted it was before a theatre filled with friends of the deceased author, people who knew him personally or through his work. They understood the author's method, they loved the man, and they consequently welcomed his posthumous comedy with extreme cordiality. We honestly doubt if the paying public will find so much good in the work. Since the time, short though it is, when Henry J. Byron wrote for the Vaudeville, audiences have changed. They have been treated to repeated doses of bustling, hilarious farce. They have been induced to put their faith in farcical plays of action, not in comedies of brilliant talk. We live in fever heat in these times. The hero of to-day is forgotten to-morrow; the remembrance of one great event is speedily merged in that of another. So it is with plays and playgoers. The great body of the public care little for the memory of a dramatic author or his style. They want to be amused, and are not particular who it is that supplies their wants. Byron was

extremely popular as a writer in his day, and his name is still a tower of strength to the theatrical manager. Possibly we may be wrong, but we cannot agree with those who think *Open House* a good play, or that it will secure a lasting success. In the author's lifetime it would have admirably suited a Vaudeville audience ; now, it is just a little behind the age. The story can be told in a few words. The scene of the three acts is laid in the house of a Mr. Cayley, a country gentleman, who keeps 'open house,' and, consequently, has a continued string of visitors. First of all, there is Jack Alabaster, a florid, sandy-haired, middle-aged man, who is constantly in a shooting-jacket and leggings, and sports a flower in his coat. He is a fixture in the house, being the bosom friend of Cayley, whose life he saved, an incident which he relates in an amusing speech. He passes for a classical scholar, and frequently misquotes familiar passages from Latin authors by way of showing his learning. He says 'bonus' for 'bonum,' and argues that he must be correct, because 'the Insurance offices say "bonus," and they ought to know.' Then there is Cayley's niece, Myra, a gushing young lady who is secretly married to Dormer, a former lover of Cayley's present wife. Of course, there is a testy old gentleman, who mistakes the ordinary attentions of pretty Myra for love, and imagines that he is to marry the girl. It would, of course, never do to leave the poor old fellow disconsolate, so a buxom widow is provided, and Mr. Drinkwater and Mrs. Penthouse—the elderly gentleman and the widow—are united. It is Cayley's desire that his niece should marry Jack Alabaster, but her former marriage makes this impossible. It then transpires that Jack Alabaster is an impostor. Cayley was rescued from drowning not by Alabaster but by Dormer (a precisely similar incident, it will be remembered, occurs in *Les Cloches de Corneville*). Cayley is then rejoiced at Myra having married the hitherto detestable Dormer, and the genial imposter, Jack Alabaster, is incontinently ejected from the house." Miss Cissy Grahame played charmingly in this piece.

Saturday, the 25th, was a particularly busy day for the dramatic critics. First of all, at Toole's Theatre, the popular lessee of that

house appeared, in the afternoon, as Dominique, in *Old Harry*, a romantic drama in two acts, adapted from the *Dominique* of R. d'Espigny, which was originally produced in Paris in 1831, and the best known version of which is *Dominique, the Deserter*. On the evening of this day, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft announced a farewell revival of the late T. W. Robertson's *Ours*. Then Mr. John S. Clarke made his re-appearance on the London stage, at the Strand Theatre, acting his celebrated character of Major Wellington de Boots in Stirling Coyne's comedy, *The Widow Hunt*, originally brought out at the Haymarket Theatre on April 2, 1859, with the late J. B. Buckstone in the principal character. On the same evening, Miss Mary Anderson concluded her brilliant engagement at the Lyceum Theatre. The popular actress appeared as Galatea in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's mythological comedy, and as Clarice in the same author's one-act drama, *Comedy and Tragedy*. The large audience filled every seat, and constantly bestowed warm applause upon the actress. At the close of the performance, Miss Anderson, in response to enthusiastic calls, stepped before the curtain and spoke as follows:—

"The dreaded 'last night' has come; dreaded by me, at least. I have to part with you who have been so kind to me. The delight I naturally feel at the prospect of returning to my native country is tempered with a great regret, saddened by the thought that I must leave you. I little imagined when I came before you for the first time, a stranger, feeling very helpless, tremblingly wondering what your verdict on my poor efforts would be, how soon I should find friends among you, or what pain it would cost me to say, as I must say to-night, 'Good-bye' to you. You have been very, very good to me. I have tried hard to deserve your goodness. Please do not quite forget me. I can never forget you or your kindness to me. I hope I am not saying 'Good-bye' to you for ever. I want to come back to you. Dare I hope you will be a little glad to see me again? I shall be very glad to see you. Until I do, 'Good-bye!' I thank you again and again."

This modest little speech was received with much good humour,

tempered with regret, and considerable applause. Miss Anderson having retired, the band played "Auld Lang Syne," and the audience separated.

At the beginning of February of this year an immense hit was made at the Vaudeville, Paris, by *Clara Soleil*, a farcical piece, in three acts, by MM. Gondinet and Paul Civrac. The play was admirably suited to Parisian tastes, and its ingenious motive, its clever situations, and its bright dialogue, backed up by excellent acting, secured for it a great success. The piece was forthwith bought by an enterprising manager, and adapted for England. Unfortunately, as in so many previous cases, it was necessary to so prune and alter the work before the adaptation could be made acceptable to English audiences that much of the fun of the original had necessarily to be sacrificed. The English version, entitled *Bad Boys*, and acted at the Comedy Theatre on April 29, is thus seriously hampered, as it lacks motive. Again, it could hardly be expected that a company unaccustomed to playing together, at any rate in pieces of this class, could rattle off a farce so as to make all the "points," or that they could act their parts with the care and success of actors more experienced in this kind of work. Without attempting to relate the details of the piece, the outline of the story may be briefly told. The action of the first three acts takes place near Canterbury, in the grounds attached to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Basevey, a young married couple. Edith Basevey believes her husband to be all that is good, while her bosom friend, Laura Chickweed, who has just married, and is on her wedding tour, believes her husband to be "more than good—innocent." Mrs. Basevey has got herself into ill favour with Nelly Nightingale "of the comic opera," of whom she has spoken slightly. The honeymoon couple, Mr. and Mrs. Chickweed, induce Mrs. Basevey to accompany them on their tour. No sooner has Edith Basevey left the house than Nelly Nightingale appears on the scene in search of her traducer. Meeting the meek and mild Claude Basevey, Nelly Nightingale hits upon a plan of revenging herself upon Mrs. Basevey, and induces the latter's husband to accompany her to Scarborough. The next act accordingly

brings us to this favourite watering-place, where Nelly Nightingale meets a wealthy uncle, and where she is mistaken for the wife of Claude Basevey. Matters are further complicated by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Chickweed and the real Mrs. Basevey, who chats confidently and innocently with the singer, Nelly Nightingale. Nelly's uncle, Colonel Hornblower, insists upon Claude Basevey showing himself before the assembled company, when Nelly Nightingale declares herself to be Mrs. Basevey. The indignant wife then announces that she is the notorious singer, the curtain being thus brought down upon an ingenious and comical situation. The two women having thus reversed their positions, it may be imagined that considerable opportunity for fun arises. The last act is devoted to clearing up the mystery, the different personages agreeably settling all difficulties. The play had a chequered career at the Comedy Theatre and, afterwards, at the Opera Comique.

V.

MAY.

The re-appearance of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry at the Lyceum.—*The Great Pink Pearl*.—*The Silver Shield*.—Olivia at the Lyceum.—*Katharine and Petruchio*, *Sweethearts*, and *Good for Nothing*, at the Haymarket.

The first important event of this month was the re-appearance, at the Lyceum Theatre, of Mr. Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and the Lyceum company, after Mr. Irving's second and final acting tour in America. *Hamlet* was selected as the opening play of Mr. Irving's season, which commenced on May 2. The night was made additionally memorable from the fact that Mr. Irving had inaugurated a system of booking the pit and gallery seats, and this gave rise, at the conclusion of the tragedy, to an unusual scene. When Mr. Irving first stepped upon the stage, in the character of Hamlet, he was applauded to the echo. Hands were clapped until their owners fairly wearied; ladies waved their handkerchiefs aloft, while many persons allowed their feelings so far to run away with them that they jumped upon their seats in the excess of excitement. A welcome equally spontaneous and hearty was extended to Miss Ellen Terry. Calls were enthusiastically made and oft repeated for both actors. Indeed, so glad were several of the spectators to see their favourites again that bouquets were thrown at most inopportune moments. All was, however, taken in good part by the majority of the audience, the play being listened to throughout with the utmost attention. At the close of the tragedy an extra-

ordinary scene was presented. Mr. Irving and Miss Terry had both, in response to loud and prolonged plaudits, presented themselves before the curtain; and Mr. Irving, being once more called, set about addressing a few words to the audience. It was with some little difficulty that the popular actor-manager gained a hearing for the first words of his speech. "Hamlet," he observed, "has just now said, 'The rest is silence,' but you don't seem to be entirely of that opinion," a remark which was received with cheers and groans. "I am pleased," he continued, "to have an opportunity of saying how glad and happy you have made me to-night. You have given us a welcome which has found an echo in our hearts. The ever-ready kindness and affectionate welcome which we received in that country from which we have just returned can never be effaced from our memories; yet, you will believe us when we say we are rejoiced to see you once again at home. (A voice: Don't go away again.) It is my intention, after one or two short revivals, to revive Mr. Wills's play of *Olivia*, which I hope will remain in the bills for a night or two. What I shall do afterwards must remain a profound secret—for it is a secret even to me." Mr. Irving then said that the company would not play in the country this year, but that the theatre would be closed in August, re-opening in September. "In the meantime," he added, "the theatre will be redecorated, and I will do all in my power to consult the comfort and convenience of my patrons." The latter part of this speech was the signal for an outburst of applause, and a counter demonstration immediately set in. "Where's the pit?" "Shut up the booking-office!" "No numbered seats," and similar cries were responded to with shouts of "Sit down," "Be quiet, pittites!" "Let him speak," and so on. All was confusion for a few moments, and Mr. Irving, proclaiming himself to be entirely in the hands of the audience, and stating that the only profit that could arise from the new arrangement of booking the pit and gallery seats was the knowledge that he pleased the public, surveyed the scene with an amused and puzzled expression. The confusing sounds still continuing, Mr. Irving remarked: "You see I can't exactly tell whether the new or old arrangements have it." The discussion, which was carried on all through in a good-humoured spirit of banter, was evidently not to be decided then and there, so Mr. Irving concluded his speech with

the following few words and happy quotation : "I will be guided entirely by your wishes, in token of which I think I can quote no better words than those of the play which you have just heard :—

‘ And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do to express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack.’ ”

Mr. Irving's well-meant effort on behalf of the occupants of pit and gallery was found not to work successfully, and was soon abandoned. Prior to the revival of *Olivia*, Mr. Irving re-appeared, on May 9, as Louis XI., on the 11th as Shylock, and on the 16th as Mathias in *The Bells*.

The Great Pink Pearl, a new and original farcical play, in three acts, by R. C. Carton and Cecil Raleigh, was first played at a *matinée* at the Olympic Theatre, on the 7th of this month. It was placed in the regular bill of the Prince's Theatre subsequently, and there ran for several weeks. This is undoubtedly a clever play in every respect. Its story is interesting, its construction is quite admirable, and the dialogue is neat and to the purpose. No time is lost. Every line is appropriate, every sentence helps to unfold the plot. The situations, besides being merely clever, are really funny. The piece moves with briskness and with spirit. The fun is never allowed to flag for a single instant. A mere relation of the outline of the plot can give no idea of the merit of the work, but the principal features of the story deserve some record here. The first of the three acts represents the lodgings of a hard-working but impecunious journalist, Anthony Sheen, who is on the verge of being run off to court to answer a summons issued by his tailor. Relief comes in the shape of Patruccio Gormani, once a famous singer. This gentleman, blessed with a most pronounced Irish brogue, is but little better off than the slave of the pen. So that when a messenger from the Princess Peninkoff mistakes Sheen for an American millionaire of the same name, the long-headed Irish-Italian makes no attempt to explain the mistake. On the contrary, he insists upon Sheen accompanying him to Paris in order to see the Russian Princess, who wishes to dispose of a famous ornament, a pink pearl of priceless value. Sheen disposes of the pearl to his wealthy namesake, making a handsome profit on the transaction, the Princess obtaining a large sum of money,

and everyone concerned being satisfied. Before this happy state of affairs is reached, many complications and ludicrous situations, which it would be hardly fair to disclose, arise.

Another capital play, *The Silver Shield*, a comedy in three acts, by Sydney Grundy, was brought out at a morning performance, at the Strand Theatre, on the 19th of this month. Few modern comedies can compare to this in skill in construction, and witty and incisive polished dialogue. It may be that the play is a little above the heads of the modern audience, but its cleverness and wit cannot be denied. The idea which appears to have given birth to the comedy is this: Under what circumstances could a husband and wife be separated from each other, there being no real cause for such separation? The idea is thus worked out: A young husband is jealous of the attentions extended to his pretty wife. He watches her movements, and one day finds a portion of a letter apparently addressed to himself, in which his wife admits her preference for another man, and asks him to absent himself from her. He goes away immediately, and when the play commences six years have elapsed. The curtain rises upon the country home of Sir Humphrey Chetwynd, a gentleman of the "old school." Tom Potter, an artist and a distant relation of Sir Humphrey's, is at work upon the painting of a picture, called "*The Silver Shield*," which deals with the fable of two knights who had seen a certain shield. One declared it to be silver, the other avowed that it was gold. From words the knights passed to blows, and, in a duel, killed each other. After their death it was found that the shield was gold on one side, and silver on the reverse. Other members of the household are Lucy Preston, Sir Humphrey's ward, and the latter's son, Ned Chetwynd. Tom Potter proposes to Sir Humphrey for Miss Preston, and in doing so relates his past history. He had formerly lived in Melbourne, where he became jealous of his wife, and, in the manner above described, left her without so much as a single word. Coming to England, he changed his name, devoted himself to art, and one day read in a newspaper of his wife's death. Sir Humphrey has also a story to tell concerning Lucy Preston. Through no fault of her mother's, the girl, it seems, is illegitimate. This, in her guardian's opinion, is sufficient reason for her not being married to any of his family. Tom Potter, however,

thinks differently on the subject, and is on the point of proposing to Miss Preston when he catches sight of a new visitor to the house, a widow, who has gone on the stage under the name of Alma Blake, and who has earned fame as an actress. In her, Potter recognises the wife he thought dead, and hurriedly quits the house. The fact that he has asked Sir Humphrey for his consent to his marriage with Lucy Preston ekes out, with the result that Ned Chetwynd has to declare that he has been secretly married to the girl, the act ending with Sir Humphrey disowning the young couple and turning them out of doors. The second act takes place at young Chetwynd's house. Lucy, being young, is, not unnaturally, a little jealous of the attentions which her husband pays to the accomplished actress, Alma Blake. She finds a letter which her husband, who is writing a play, has apparently addressed to Miss Blake. The document is couched in the most amorous terms, and the young wife, heart-broken at the infidelity of her husband, quits his roof, the discovery of her flight concluding this act. Here, it must be confessed, is a weak point in the play. The repetition of the incident of the letter—which occurs to Tom Potter and to Lucy Chetwynd alike—may be pardoned. But it is improbable that a wife, particularly a young one, should be so ignorant of her husband's doings as not to know the name of the heroine of his play, and it is difficult to imagine a woman so ignorant as to mistake a sheet of author's manuscript for an amatory epistle unconnected with the work in course of preparation. If this flaw in Mr. Grundy's play be put aside, praise must certainly be accorded him for the ingenuity with which he has worked out the incident. The scene of the last act is laid in Miss Blake's boudoir, where, thanks to the kindly service of Sir Humphrey, the mistake of the letter is explained, and Tom Potter and his wife are re-united. What he had read was not intended for him at all, but for one of his wife's admirers. Alma Blake fortunately meets Mrs. Chetwynd, explains her mistake to her, and restores her to her husband, the play ending with a clever and excellently written "tag." Fortunately, the comedy was admirably acted. The leading character, Alma Blake, was played by Miss Amy Roselle with capital effect, polish, and ease. She acted the part perfectly, and delivered her lines in the most telling manner possible. She bore the weight of several of the most

important scenes, and in so doing helped not a little towards the favourable reception accorded the work. A success equally great, artistic, and marked was made by Miss Kate Rorke, a young actress whose valuable gifts for the stage I have recognised from the date of her first appearance on the boards. She appeared as Lucy Chetwynd in this play, giving a graceful, natural, and consistent interpretation of the character. Her acting in the scene where the wife discovers what she thinks is her husband's letter to Alma Blake, was marked by so much intelligence and truth to nature that the entire audience, with one impulse, rewarded her efforts with loud, prolonged, and well-deserved applause. There were no hysterical screams here, no clutching of the dress, no passionate sobbing. There was simply the dazed look of a woman who is robbed of that love which she holds dearer than life, a plaintive moan that was almost inaudible, and a tottering figure of a fainting, heart-broken wife. Far from being exaggerated, this scene was absolutely faithful to life, and the audience felt its truth. Another hit, but in a smaller way, was made by Mr. John Beauchamp, who gave an admirable sketch of the kind-hearted old fogey, Sir Humphrey Chetwynd. Mr. Charles Groves was also of excellent service in the *rôle* of a theatrical manager. Mr. Grundy's clever comedy was subsequently acted at the Comedy Theatre, on June 20.

Prior to the production of *Olivia* at the Lyceum, the play was generally declared to be "too small" for so large a stage. There were many who thought that the simple story of the pastor and his betrayed daughter which is here told was hardly of sufficient strength to secure the sympathies of an audience accustomed to plays of a far more exciting nature. The drama that had succeeded so well in a small theatre was considered by most people to be a little unfitted for the larger house. That Miss Ellen Terry was the most delightful of Olivias everyone at all versed in the affairs of the stage well knew. But doubts were expressed as to the fitness of the play itself for the Lyceum. Those doubts were speedily banished by the revival of this stage-poem on the 27th of this month. It is interesting to note that since 1766, the year in which "The Vicar of Wakefield" was first published, there has been no successful play founded upon the novel save that written by Mr. W. G. Wills. "The hero of this piece,"

wrote Oliver Goldsmith, "unites in himself the three greatest characters upon earth: he is a priest, a husbandman, and the father of a family. He is drawn as ready to teach and ready to obey: as simple in affluence as majestic in adversity. In this age of opulence and refinement can such a character please? Such as are fond of high life will turn with disdain from his simple fireside; such as mistake ribaldry for humour will find no wit in his harmless conversation; and such as have been taught to deride religion will laugh at one whose chief stores of comfort are drawn from futurity." These words are just as applicable now as they were a hundred and twenty years ago. Such a simple and homely story as is here presented does not appeal to all classes, nor is it specially adapted for transferring, as it stands, to the stage. Hence other versions of it have not secured much fame. In 1819, a burletta, or opera, founded on the novel, was produced by Thomas Dibdin, at the Surrey Theatre, and made a fair success; but another version, brought out at the Haymarket, on September 27, 1823, was only played for two nights. In the latter, Daniel Terry appeared as Dr. Primrose, Liston was the Moses, and Miss Chester the Olivia. In March, 1850, a version by Tom Taylor was given at the Strand. In the following month a two-act adaptation by J. Stirling Coyne was presented at the Haymarket Theatre with Benjamin Webster as Dr. Primrose, George Vandenhoff as Squire Thornhill, and Miss Reynolds as Olivia. By far the most successful version, however, is that written by Mr. W. G. Wills, himself a poet and, like Goldsmith, an Irishman. The play is said to be "founded on an episode in 'The Vicar of Wakefield.'" Therein lies the secret of its complete artistic success. It is no mere patchwork production, the result of putting a novel into shape for the stage, but a skilful and beautiful work, founded upon incidents in the book. The language of the novel is seldom heard, and all the characters and incidents of the book are not used. Thus the repentant schemer, Ephraim Jenkinson, is not seen, and those fast young persons, Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs ("I love to give the whole name," wrote Goldsmith in the person of the vicar), have no place on the stage. The escapade of Moses at the fair is likewise omitted. Mr. Wills has presented the story of Olivia's flight from home, of her discovery of Squire

Thornhill's perfidy, and of her return to her father's house, in a singularly felicitous manner, and with a grace and delicacy entirely his own. The love of Mr. Burchell and Sophia may possibly be a little dull, but the play, as a whole, is interesting, adroit, and idyllic in its beauty. The grief of the old man when he finds his daughter has left him, and the Squire's confession of his deception in the third act, are in particular most admirably-written scenes. *Olivia*, it may be useful to record, was originally acted at the Court Theatre, under the management of Mr. John Hare, on Saturday, March 30, 1878, when it immediately made a great success, and afterwards enjoyed a long run. The cast was then as follows:—Dr. Primrose, Mr. Hermann Vezin; Moses, Mr. Norman Forbes; Dick, Miss L. Neville; Bill, Miss Kate Neville; Mr. Burchell, Mr. Frank Archer; Squire Thornhill, Mr. W. Terriss; Leigh, Mr. Denison; Farmer Flamborough, Mr. Cathcart; Mrs. Primrose, Mrs. Gaston Murray; Olivia, Miss Ellen Terry; Sophia, Miss Kate Aubrey; Polly Flamborough, Miss M. Cathcart; and, Gipsy Woman, Miss Neville. When the play was produced in the provinces in the following autumn the principal characters were taken by the late Charles Calvert as Dr. Primrose, Mr. T. N. Wenman as Mr. Burchell, Mr. W. Herbert as Squire Thornhill, Miss Cicely Nott as Mrs. Primrose, Miss Florence Terry as Olivia, Miss Alice Hamilton as Sophia, and Miss Ada Blanche as Polly Flamborough. It will thus be seen that in Mr. Irving's revival of the play Mr. W. Terriss and Mr. Norman Forbes, in addition to Miss Ellen Terry, resumed their original characters, and Mr. T. N. Wenman repeated a performance which he had already given in the country. The acting honours of the revival naturally fell to Miss Ellen Terry as Olivia, although nothing could excel the gentleness, pathos, and fine feeling of Mr. Irving's portrayal of Dr. Primrose. Miss Terry's impersonation of Olivia is one of her most charming as it is one of her most brilliantly successful renderings. This is a rare performance of matchless, exquisite grace, and deep, tender, alluring pathos.

The Haymarket bill was again changed on the 30th of this month, when it was thus noticed:—"On the score of variety no complaint can possibly be lodged against the new programme of the Haymarket Theatre, which embraces simple farce, modern, delicate

comedy, and the more robust kind of ‘comic drama’ that was popular thirty years ago. On other grounds, however, the bill is not likely to be productive of very great favour. The plays in which Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft appear are well enough in their way, but something stronger and more suitable to the ordinary spectator will speedily, we imagine, have to take the place of the mutilated version of *The Taming of the Shrew*, which is the first item on the programme. The principal situations and some of the language of the Shakespearean play are to be found in a piece that was printed in 1594 with the following title:—‘A pleasant conceited historie called *The Taming of a Shrew*. As it was sundry times acted by the Right Honourable the Earl of Pembrook his servants.’ The scenes between Katharine the Curst and Petruchio are those in which Shakespeare was most concerned, and it is these scenes which were retained by David Garrick in the version of the play produced at Drury Lane in 1756. *Katharine and Petruchio* was then played in three acts. It is presented at the Haymarket in what are practically four acts, the curtain descending three times in the course of the performance. The brevity of these acts may be gathered from the fact that the entire play is performed in less than fifty minutes. As may be easily imagined, it is impossible under these circumstances for justice to be done to the play itself, nor have the actors any opportunity of account for portraying character. Kate’s shrewish nature cannot be properly indicated, and her sudden submission to her husband is far too precipitate. No high-handed woman, such as we know Kate to have been could have so quickly fallen from her pinnacle of authority. The motive of the piece is almost lost in this sad distortion, and we make bold to say that many of the wealthy personages who form the Haymarket audience are at a loss to understand the meaning of the play. Such a production must be almost unintelligible to the majority. Mrs. Bernard-Beere acts Katharine as well as possible under these circumstances. She presents the contrast between the shrew and the submissive spouse quite ably. It is not her fault that Kate’s nature is changed so instantaneously and without sufficient reason. Mr. Forbes-Robertson has been accused of being noisy and extravagant as Petruchio; but noise and extravagance are necessary for the character. Petruchio is a madman in his senses; Kate is mad,

and he will tame 'her by being as mad as she. A man who attires himself in such a fantastic array for his wedding, who swears broadly in church, beats the parson's head, throws the sops of the wine in the sexton's face, who will not even allow his wife to choose her own dress, who thrashes his servants and throws meat, dishes, and wine at them, is not generally considered a very quiet or sober individual. The excessive use of the whip, however, is not commendable, and the whip itself might advantageously be exchanged for one of a more correct pattern. Mr. H. Kemble's Grumio we do not care for. He is too feeble and weak in the hams for the knave. But Mr. C. Brookfield's Biondello is an excellent performance. Miss Julia Gwynne makes a pretty appearance as Curtis. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft probably place great reliance upon their popular performance in *Sweethearts*, Mr. W. S. Gilbert's two-act 'dramatic contrast,' which was first produced at the now defunct Prince of Wales's Theatre on Saturday, November 7, 1874, with Mrs. Bancroft then, as now, in the character of the heroine. This play, it will be remembered, relates how a girl toys with the passionate ardour of a young man who is on the eve of his departure to India. Harry Spreadbrow comes to say good-bye to Jenny Northcott, his childhood's companion. He declares his passion, but the thoughtless girl only laughs at him, and sends him away apparently heart-broken, only to find when he has left her that she loves him, and to fall in a flood of tears on the flower which she had carelessly flung aside when she received it from him. Thirty years elapse, and the lovers of the old days meet. But the man does not recognise his old companion. He has even forgotten the circumstances of his parting from her, while she has cherished his memory and remains single for his sake. Gradually the old affection returns, and as the couple go indoors together, 'so far from the play being over, the serious interest is only just beginning.' It is in the latter part of the play that Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft are seen to the most advantage. The gentle old lady is admirably presented by Mrs. Bancroft, while a better impersonation than that of the slightly cynical old beau by Mr. Bancroft could not be desired. Wilcox, the gardener of the first act, is well played by Mr. Elliot, whose rendering of the character would be still better if the actor would keep to one dialect. The performance concludes with *Good*

for Nothing. This well-known little drama was first acted at the Hay-market Theatre in Febuary, 1851, when it was described in the bill as "a new and original comic drama, by J. B. Buckstone, Esq." As a matter of fact, however, it was an almost literal translation of *La Gamine*, a vaudeville written by M. Deslandes, and brought out at the Variétés in the summer of 1850, with Mdlle. Virginie Duclay in the rôle of the heroine, Joséphine. The heroine, called Nan in the English, again finds a clever and popular impersonator in Mrs. Bancroft. Mr. C. Brookfield's make-up as Harry Collier is good. Mr. E. Maurice is manly as Charles, and Mr. Elliot is capital as the caddish and cowardly Young Mr. Simpson. Mr. H. Kemble, we think, greatly exaggerates the character of Tom Dibbles."

VI.

JUNE.

A True Story, at Drury Lane.—Gringoire.

Theatrically speaking, this was the least interesting month of the year. No event of great importance occurred during it. On the 15th, Mr. Elliot Galer's drama, *A True Story Told in Two Cities*, originally produced at Leicester in February, was brought out at Drury Lane, and on the afternoon of the 26th, Mr. Norman Forbes took a benefit at the Prince's Theatre, appearing as Gringoire in a one-act drama of that name adapted by W. G. Wills from the French of Théodore de Banville. This play was first acted at the Théâtre Français on June 23, 1866, with Coquelin in the principal part. When the Comédie Française visited this country in 1879, it was played at the Gaiety Theatre by MM. Coquelin, Maubant, Barré, Sylvain, and Mesdames Barretta and Provost-Ponsin. A version, by Mr. Alfred Thompson, entitled *The King's Pleasure*, has been acted by Mr. Lawrence Barrett, while yet another version, by Mr. Walter Besant and Mr. W. H. Pollock, has been made, though it has not yet been acted. That Mr. Wills' version is neat and poetical goes without saying; but the play belongs to that class of drama which demands the best possible and most varied kind of acting. A wealthy merchant of Tours has rendered Louis XI., when a Dauphin, a signal service, for which the King desires to dispatch Simon Fourniez as his ambassador. The merchant, however, cannot leave his only daughter, so the king resolves to find a protector for her in the shape of a husband. Louise is willing, and has ideas of a lover which are romantic, and, therefore, unpractical. Gringoire, a half-starved poet, is trapped into reciting a seditious ballad before the King, and is condemned to death for his pains. Louis grants pardon on condition that he makes love to the pretty Louise. This his honour will not allow him to do, so that when the girl discovers "how brave he has been" in not confessing his passion, she is only too glad to have him for a husband. The merchant receives his ambassadorship, and all ends happily.

VII.

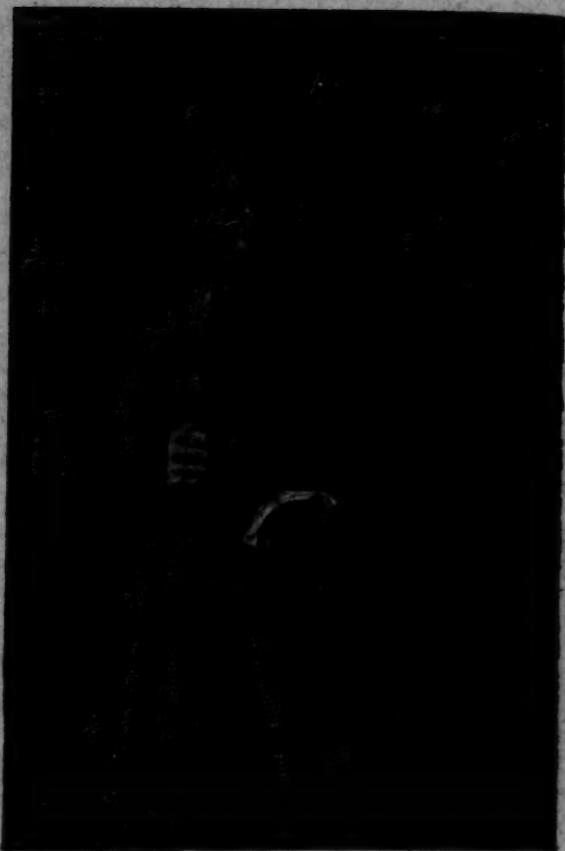
JULY.

On 'Change.—Cousin Johnny.—Retirement of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft.—It's Never too Late to Mend, at Drury Lane

On 'Change; or, the Professor's Venture, tentatively produced at the Strand Theatre on the afternoon of July 1, is an anglicised version of a straggling German farce by Herr Von Moser, the author of *Der Bibliothekar*, from which *The Private Secretary* was adapted. Its original is *Ultimo* ("settling-day"), and a version of it has been played in America under the title of *The Big Bonanza*, and, thanks in a great degree to the acting of that droll comedian, Mr. James Lewis, it achieved a great success. The German piece is in five acts, and so, practically, is the adaptation, although it is stated to be in only four. The original has been pretty closely adhered to in most respects, some of the scenes only being transposed. The piece has really two separate and distinct plots, and for this reason it can never be extremely popular. The interest swerves from one party to another, and is thus considerably weakened. The real story is, presumably, that of the rivalry between two elderly cousins, the one a rich and genial broker, the other an eccentric Scotch medical professor. The latter, in order to show how clever he is, resolves to speculate in stocks and shares for a month, during which time his domestic affairs are sadly neglected. At the end of the period allotted for his speculation he realises that he has lost, as he thinks, a large sum of money. But the foresight of his cousin, the stockbroker, has prevented such a fatality, and the professor, having been taught a lesson in minding his own business, finds himself a wealthy man, thanks to the opportune sale of a valuable patent. Side by side with this story runs that of a couple of pairs of lovers. Neither pair,

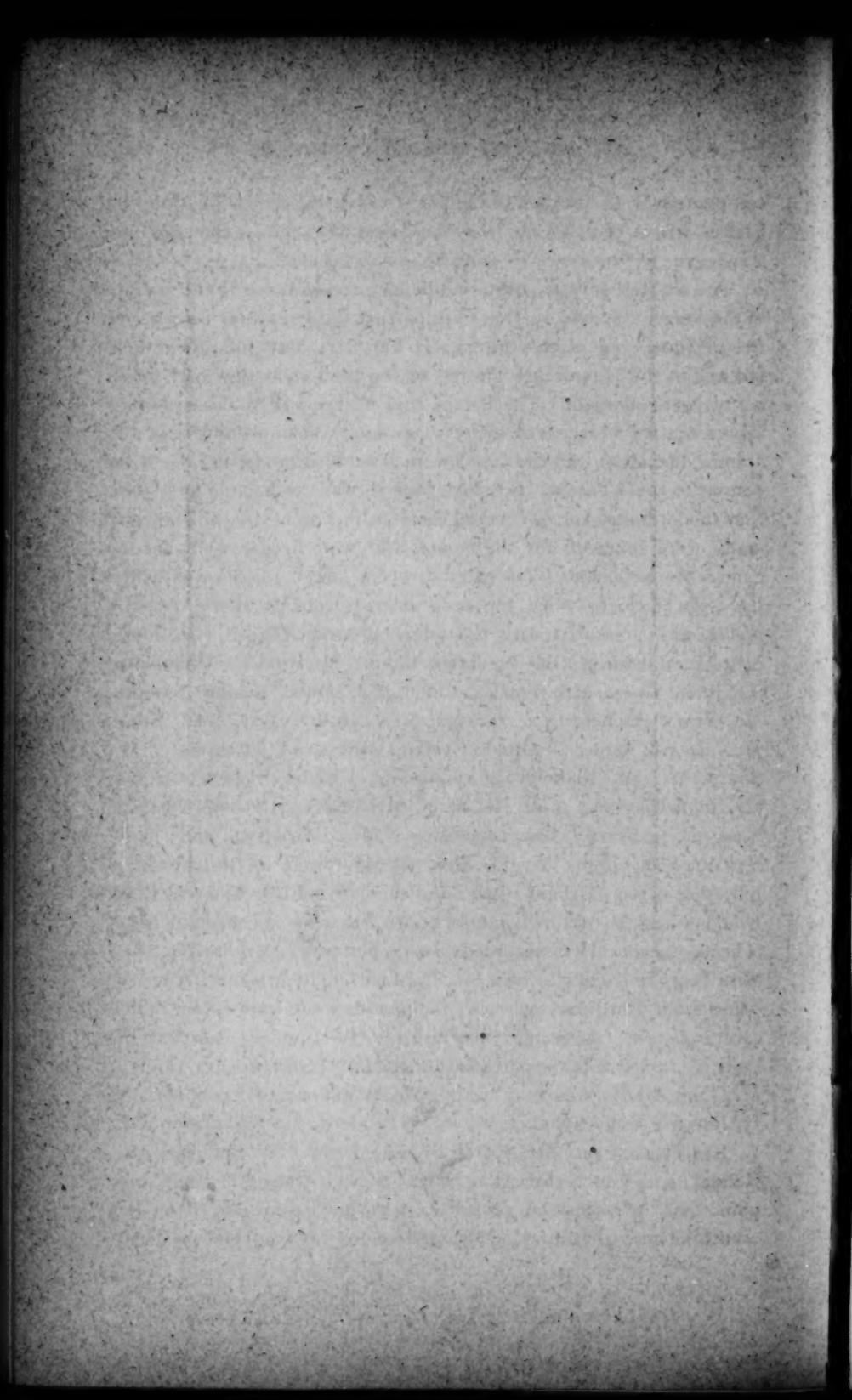
however, is worthy of much interest. An actor new to the English stage, Mr. Felix Morris made an excellent and thoroughly successful bid for favour as the Scotch professor. His acting was genuinely comic, and his accent was simply perfect. Despite its weak nature, *On 'Change* has met with a fair amount of success in London, a result mainly due to the clever impersonation of Mr. Morris. It was formally produced at Toole's Theatre on August 22, on November 30 it was transferred to the Strand Theatre, and subsequently it was placed in the regular bill of the Opera Comique.

Cousin Johnny, a "new and original" comedy, of a simple and old-fashioned nature, written by Messrs. J. F. Nisbet and C. M. Rae, was brought out at the Strand on the 11th. The story is related in the quietest and most direct manner possible. An innkeeper, named Timmins, has been entrusted with the care of Sir George Desmond's only son. The baronet, who has not set eyes on the boy since infancy, suddenly comes to the "Black Cow" Inn to claim his child, now grown to man's estate. Timmins is in distress, for he had lost the infant and is at a loss to account for his negligence. He is rescued from the dilemma by his wife, who proposes that the landlord's loutish son, Johnny, should be passed off as the baronet's boy. On the arrival of Sir George this plan is put into practice, and the baronet is disgusted at finding an obese, beer-drinking, lazy lout in the place of the intelligent young man he expected and whom he had destined to marry his niece. Bound to accept the situation, he takes "Johnny" to Granby Hall, where the tenants arrange an address for the heir. Cousin Johnny is on the point of delivering a stupid reply to the deputation when Timmins confesses the fraud he had practised on Sir George. The real son turns up in the person of Sir George Desmond's former secretary, Hugh Seymour, who is in love with the niece, so that the play ends with the customary marriage. The authors apparently do not set much value upon detail, for it is not satisfactorily explained how Timmins came to lose the child with which he had been entrusted, and a little more evidence, we think, would be required in a court of law for the identification of the real son than the word of a scatter-brained drunkard. Tacked on to the main story are the adventures of a couple of betting men and a lady of lax manners, who is familiarly called "Filly" by her sporting



MR. FELIX MORRIS.

(ON 'CHANGE.)



companions. The burden of the piece was sustained by Mr. John S. Clarke, whose droll acting, however, failed to galvanise the play into a success.

The night of July 20, 1885, will be long remembered in the annals of the stage. It was on that evening that those faithful servants of the playgoer and of the drama, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, took their farewell at the Haymarket Theatre of the profession they had for so many years adorned. The Prince and Princess of Wales and other representative members of society, men and women prominent in art, science, literature, and the drama were assembled in strong force to do honour to the occasion. So great, indeed, was the demand for places, that the ordinary velvet-covered seats in the orchestra and balcony stalls were removed for the nonce, and were replaced by narrow cane-bottomed chairs. The majority of the large audience was seated by eight o'clock, when the first act of Lord Lytton's comedy, *Money*, was presented with the following cast :—Lord Glossmore, Mr. Alfred Bishop; Sir Frederick Blount, Mr. Charles Wyndham, Sir John Vesey, Mr. Charles Collette; Captain Dudley Smooth, Mr. Frank Archer; Mr. Graves, Mr. Arthur Cecil; Mr. Stout, Mr. David James; Alfred Evelyn, Mr. C. F. Coghlan; Mr. Sharp, Mr. W. Blakeley; Groom, Mr. Charles Sugden; Butler, Mr. John Clayton; Lady Franklin, Mrs. Stirling; Clara Douglas, Miss Ellen Terry; Georgina Vesey, Mrs. Langtry; and, maid-servant, Mrs. John Wood. This, the first item in the historical bill, gave evident delight to the audience, Miss Ellen Terry as Clara Douglas and Mr. David James as Mr. Stout being especially liked. A hearty reception was accorded to each performer, Mrs. Stirling and Miss Terry in particular being received with loud applause. After the scene from Lord Lytton's play the famous scene from Dion Boucicault's *London Assurance*, in which Lady Gay Spanker describes the hunt, was acted with the parts thus distributed: Sir Harcourt Courtly, Mr. John Hare; Charles Courtly, Mr. W. Terriss; Dazzle, Mr. W. H. Kendal; Dolly Spanker, Mr. A. W. Pinero; Max Harkaway, Mr. F. Everill; servant, Mr. Kyrle Bellew; Lady Gay Spanker, Mrs. Kendal; and, Grace Harkaway, Miss Carlotta Addison. It is to be noted that the ladies and gentlemen who had so far played on this eventful evening had previously acted under the management of Mr.

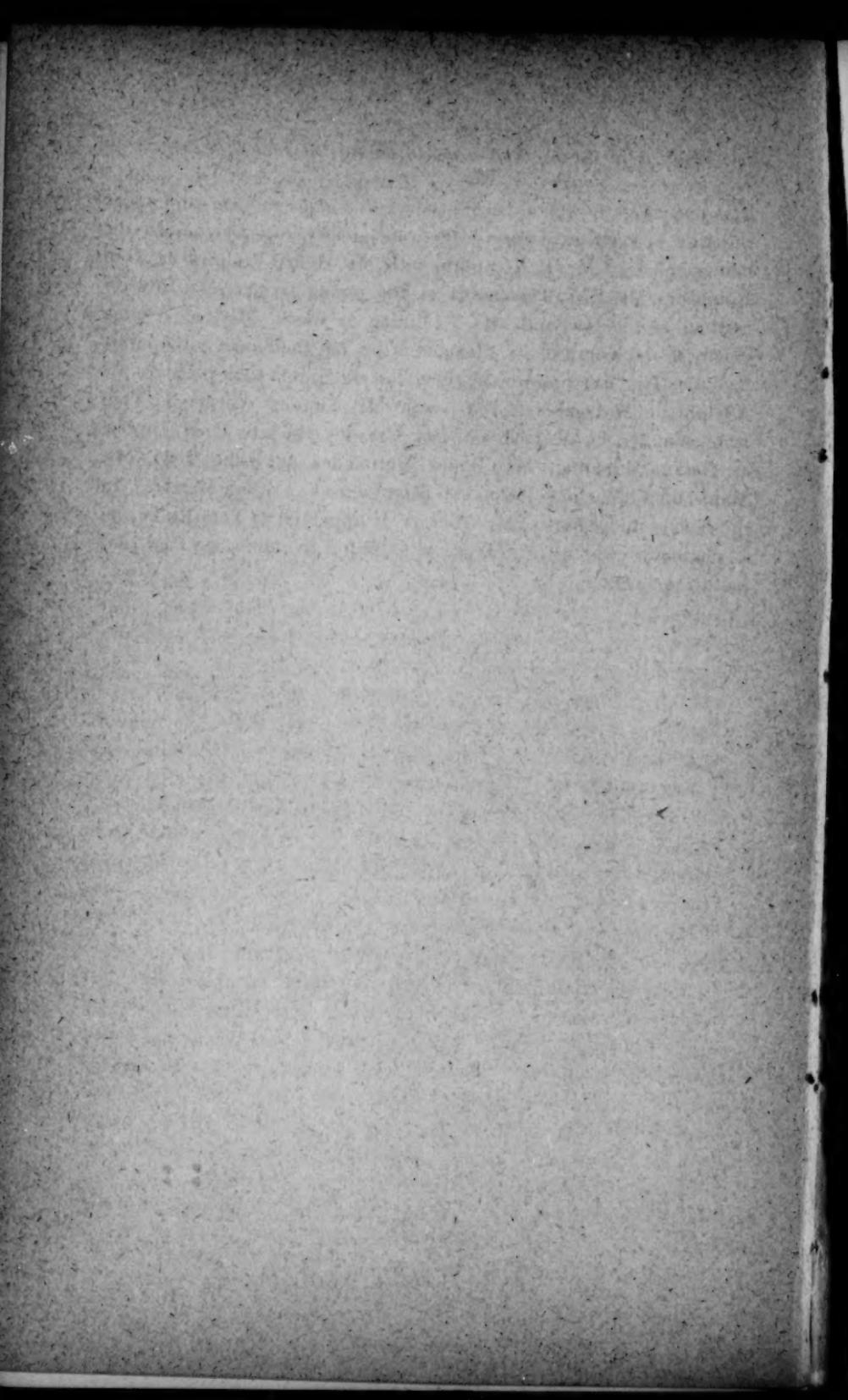
and Mrs. Bancroft. Next in order came the second and third acts of *Masks and Faces*. Mr. Bancroft as Triplet and Mrs. Bancroft as Peg Woffington were, of course, the recipients of a loud and long continued burst of applause on making their appearance in the play. A considerable share of applause also fell to Miss Calhoun, who repeated her interesting performance of Mabel Vane. As in the case of Mabel Vane, the other parts in the play were taken by the same people who had appeared in the Haymarket revival of the piece. When the curtain was next raised, Mr. Henry Irving who had broken the run of *Olivia* at the Lyceum, for the occasion, and had appeared in the shorter play of *The Bells*, appeared and recited a "valedictory ode," written by Mr. Clement Scott for the occasion. Speeches by Mr. Toole and Mr. Bancroft brought the memorable evening to a close.

The revival at Drury Lane, on the 27th, of the late Charles Reade's drama, *It's Never too Late to Mend*, met with the warmest of welcomes. The picturesque farm-yard scene, with its solidly built cottages, its live poultry, and other appurtenances of a farm-yard, showed that Mr. Augustus Harris had determined to mount the play in no niggardly spirit. The prison scene with its long and dismal vista of lights was most realistic in its sombre tone, while for brightness and colour, there was the Australian landscape with its real and unusually natural-looking waterfall, and the change of colour consequent upon the representation of the passing of night to the warm glow and glamour of sunrise. These scenic effects, aiding in a great measure the strength and vividness of the drama, secured hearty applause for the more telling moments in the play. The denunciation of Mr. Meadows by the Jew, Isaac Levi, and the famous prison scene were singled out for special approbation. All this enthusiasm, taking place nearly twenty years after the first production of the play, is significant of the strength, dramatic vigour, and human interest displayed by Mr. Reade in the composition of this drama. *It's Never too Late to Mend* was first acted, in its present form, at the Leeds Theatre Royal, in 1864. It was first played in London, at the Princess's Theatre, on Wednesday, October 4, 1865, when it attained a run of nearly half-a-year's duration, not being withdrawn until one hundred and forty consecutive performances had been given.



MISS CALHOUN.

ENGRAVED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. W. AND D. DOWNEY
57 AND 61, EBUARY STREET, S.W.



The piece had, however, been produced in another form, and under the title of *Gold*, at Drury Lane, on January 10, 1853, under the management of Mr. E. T. Smith, with Mr. Henry Wallack as Tom Robinson, Mr. E. L. Davenport as the young farmer, Mr. Edward Stirling as the Jew, and Mrs. F. Vining as Susan Merton. Owing chiefly to the length of its dialogue it did not then meet with public favour. The last noteworthy revival of the drama took place at the Adelphi on November 8, 1881, with Mr. Charles Warner as Tom Robinson, Mr. F. W. Irish as Peter Crawley, the late E. H. Brooke as George Fielding, Mr. James Fernandez as Isaac Levi, Mr. Stanislaus Calhaem as Jacky, and Miss Gerard as Susan Merton. In the revival under notice, Mr. Warner re-appeared as Tom Robinson, a character which he plays with requisite force, pathos, and picturesqueness.

VIII.

AUGUST.

Hoodman Blind.—Miss Mary Anderson as Rosalind.

The only production of importance in the London theatres during August was that of *Hoodman Blind*, a drama by Messrs. Wilson Barrett and Henry A. Jones, at the Princess's Theatre, on the 18th. The following notice of this piece is extracted from *The Stage* :—"The applause so plentifully bestowed on the new Princess's play on Tuesday night indicates that a large amount of popularity is in store for the piece. The drama, which is a more or less modernised version of the jealousy of Othello, is chiefly noticeable for its intense earnestness. A firm belief in the morality of their ethics appears to have predominated the authors. Their belief in the principles which they here lay down is evidently firm and sincere. That these principles are sometimes wrong will presently be shown. With all their intense feeling, the authors have strangely erred in the matter of that backbone of a good drama which consists in arousing and holding sympathy for its hero and heroine. The honest, hot-blooded, good-hearted, ill-treated yeomen, Jack Yeulett, is no new figure in the domains of drama, but the determinate, clever, ascetic, loving, yet hating landowner, Mark Lezzard, though not, perhaps, an entirely new figure to the stage, is far more striking, far more absorbingly interesting than that of the Buckinghamshire farmer. To the elaboration of this character the authors have devoted great care, and they have, fortunately, been assisted by the ability of an actor whose insight, whose skill, whose splendid resources of art have never been

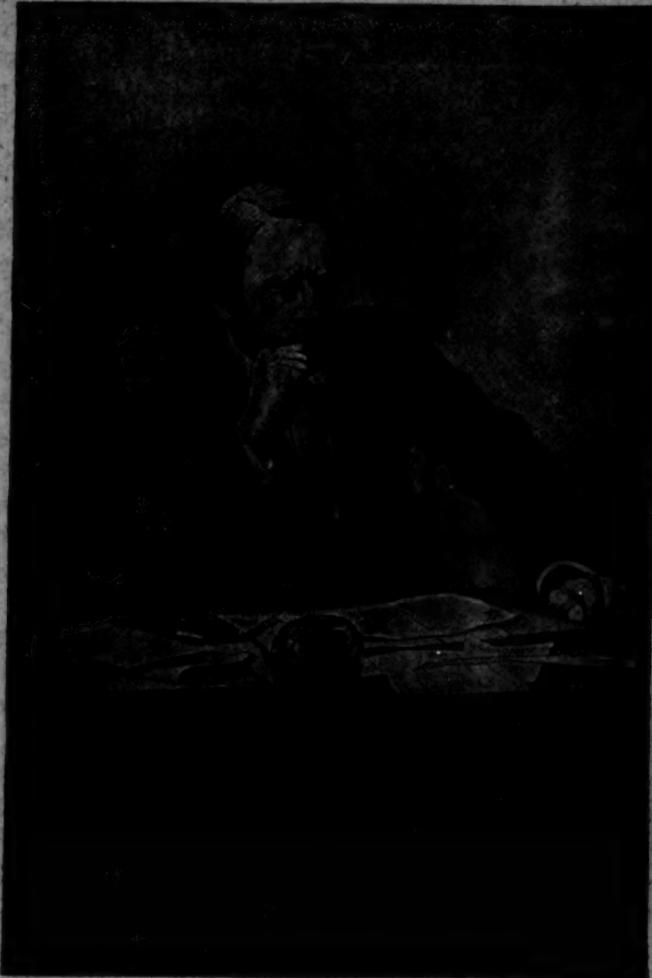
so well displayed as now. Besides this gloomy, terror-haunted, love-lorn man, he who should be the real hero passes from sympathy and remembrance. In depicting this character of Mark Lezzard, the authors have strangely neglected that of Jack Yeulett. Throughout the play the former is far the more fascinating of the two men, while the balance in his favour is considerably augmented in the very last scene of all, where, as will be seen, Yeulett directs the concluding note of interest, the final touch of sympathy, to his better delineated rival. The authors have obviously left their typical hero to himself, and in so doing have lent additional strength and vitality to the villain of the play, with the result that the doings of Mark Lezzard, the bold, scheming lover, are of more interest to the spectator than those of honest Jack Yeulett. On this extraordinary account alone the play should be seen; but there are other reasons, such as an ingenious story, nervous and forcible dialogue, good acting, and pretty scenery, why the drama should secure popular favour. The story does not move as swiftly as it should, one or two whole scenes being presented which are not necessary to its development, and some minor characters which, it is safe to prophesy, will be speedily cut out, are feebly drawn, and now bar the progress of the story. But, despite these smaller faults, and the still graver defect of a divided interest, *Hoodman Blind* will doubtless, as we have already said, become popular. But that popularity will always depend, in a great degree, upon the ability of the actor to adequately, if not brilliantly, portray the character of Mark Lezzard. The despair of a baffled love, and the jealousy of a too credulous husband, form the elements of this drama. Nance Lendon, when a girl just budding into womanhood, has innocently kissed her guardian, the steady and thrifty Mark Lezzard. That kiss aroused the passion of the man, who loved the girl with a strength, a fervour, a burning thirst, beside which the simple affection of a Jack Yeulett sinks into insignificance. Had his affection been returned he would have been, probably, a good man to the end of his days; certainly he would have been a great one. But it was not to be. The girl married the young farmer, struggling under the burden of a heavy mortgage, and her elder and more passionate admirer, unable to obtain the love for which he yearned, wavered for a time betwixt love and hate. Eventually the evil passion obtained com-

plete hold over him, and he set to work to encompass the downfall of the woman he had loved. He, together with his partner, Kridge, has defrauded Nance of money sent her from abroad by her long-absent father. When the play opens, the latter seeks for his daughter at the house of Mark Lezzard, her late guardian. He is on the point of death while waiting here for his child, and he makes his will. This document is witnessed by Lezzard and Kridge, who, thinking Lendon to be dead, proceed to destroy the will. They are in the act of doing so when Lendon revives and calls for help. He is roughly thrust back upon the couch by Lezzard, dead. All traces of his identity are destroyed, the partners securing the dead man's money. Green Riddy Farm, the next scene, introduces Jack Yeulett and his comely wife Nance, together with their little boy. Nothing of consequence transpires here beyond the fact that Kridge, who, with his partner, holds the mortgage over the farm, threatens Yeulett with a foreclosure. In the parlour of the 'Crooked Billett,' the opening scene of the second act, it is related that Mrs. Yeulett has been seen caressing a gipsy. Jack, not believing in the story, gives the lie to the villagers and leaves them. Before he returns home Lezzard has prepared a device with which he readily ensnares the easily led Yeulett. The scene is in the back of the farmhouse. Lezzard meets Nance, and, with the memory of that fatal kiss still clinging to his heart, he, in a burst of fierce passion, attempts to embrace the woman. Repulsed, mad with shame and mortification, he espies a female, the living semblance, in outward appearance, of Nance Yeulett, in the arms of a gipsy tramp. He bribes the couple to caress each other—not that they want much inducement to do that—and to await his coming by a moonlit road. To make the deception the more complete, he envelopes the woman in Mrs. Yeulett's cloak. When the yeoman, conducted to the place by his 'friend,' Mark Lezzard, witnesses the gipsy folding his companion in his arms, he no longer doubts the story of the frequenters of the 'Crooked Billet.' He flies back home, accuses his wife, who has been out to pay a bill to an importunate creditor, of infidelity, dashes her to the floor, and forthwith quits Green Riddy Farm. The arrangement of this act is ingenious, and the last scene of it is strongly worked out. But it may be doubted if even so impulsive and credulous a person as Jack Yeulett would leave wife

and child and home with no more conclusive proof of his wife's shame and his own dishonour than that accorded to the young farmer. The first two scenes of the next act depict Nance Yeulett living in penury in London by lace-making, while her husband is starving at the 'rat's roost'—a riverside shed. Then comes a scene which, as we think, is entirely unconnected with the development of the story, where the woman, now worn-out, pale, wretched, and on the brink of death, who bore such an outward resemblance to the heroine, implores the gipsy to take her back to him in place of the buxom wench for whom she has been abandoned. From this picture of degradation we are taken to the Thames Embankment, by Charing-Cross, where the deserted woman whom we have just seen casts herself into the silent river, whence she is rescued by Jack Yeulett, who at first believes that he has saved his own wife from drowning. The truth comes to light, and the dying creature confesses the deceit which had been practised on the believing Yeulett, who hurries back to Abbot's Creslow with thoughts only of revenge raging within his breast. He hunts down Lezzard, drags him to the market-place, and there relates his story to the enraged villagers. This done, he hurls his weak victim to the infuriated mob, and gloats as they endeavour to rend him to pieces, an inhuman act which, to many minds, strips every shred of sympathy from the ostensible hero. Sorrow either softens or hardens human nature ; it seldom endows a man with the fury of a wild beast. A great wrong done frequently causes resentment for the injury, but the doctrine to be inculcated on the stage is that, as we take leave to think, of forgiveness rather than revenge. Moreover, in this particular case the wrong is not great, nor is it permanent. A fond but foolish husband has suspected his wife of infidelity. For four months he has endured the torture of remorse, she the cruelty of suspicion. Then all is well. Husband, wife, and child are restored to one another, lands lost and money misappropriated are regained, and the author of all the mischief, being rescued from the hands of the mob, is handed over to the law. Consequently, such a violent conclusion to the drama is unnatural and impotent, and, being so, misses its designed effect. The honours of the acting fall, as we have already indicated, to Mr. Willard, who plays the striking character of Mark Lezzard. Although Lezzard is a scoundrel, he is a very different

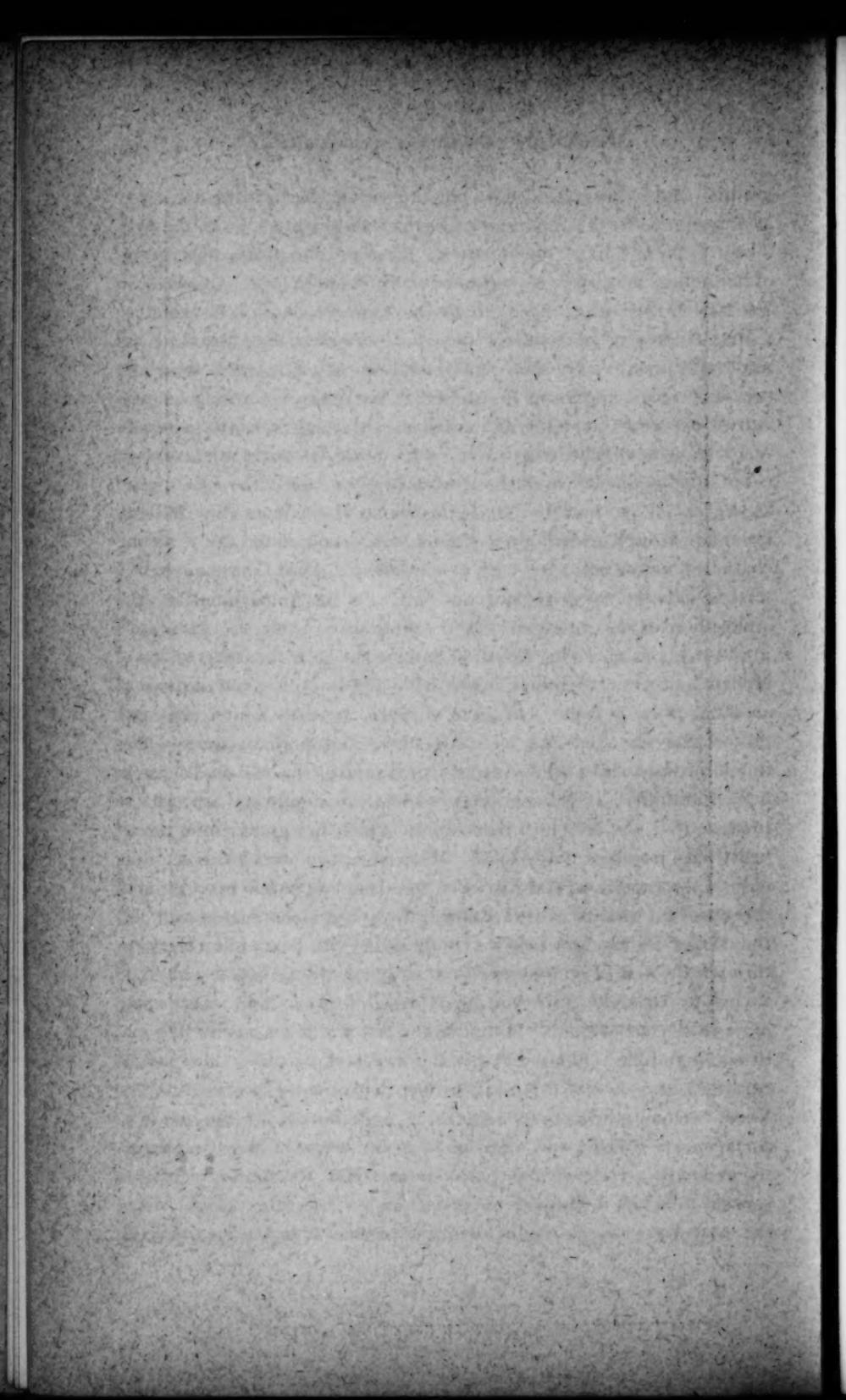
type of man to the 'Spider' of *The Silver King*, and that class of part with which Mr. Willard's name is chiefly connected. The actor has admirably succeeded in grasping the character of the man whose life is destroyed by a hopeless passion. He carries despair and hate in his face, in his voice, in his bearing. Nothing could be better than his tiger-like burst of passion in the second act, where Lezzard tries to snatch a kiss from the lips of his friend's wife. The performance is excellently sustained throughout, despite the fact that in the whole of the third act the actor has only a very short scene, and might, therefore, be expected to fall off in his acting. The impersonation is full of thought, it is determinate, incisive, picturesque, and nervous, and quite the best piece of acting which we have yet seen from Mr. Willard. The honest, hot-blooded Jack Yeulett has a popular, and a sound, manly, vigorous representative in Mr. Wilson Barrett, who is, indeed, quite admirable in the part. Although the character he has allotted to himself is much inferior of the two principal male ones, he makes it stand out forcibly by his vigorous performance. Miss Eastlake is of great service to the play in the dual rôle of the two women resembling each other so much in personal appearance. She is at her best as the tramp's companion, in which part her comedy is capital and her pathos effective. The comic portion of the play is ably sustained by Mr. George Barrett, whose impersonation of the village blacksmith, who keeps a watchful eye on his young wife, is not only a vastly humorous piece of acting, but an artistic one into the bargain. Mr. Edward Price as a detective officer gives a good little sketch, while Mr. Clifford Cooper, Mr. C. Fulton, Mr. H. Evans, Mr. H. Burnage, Mr. George Walton, Mr. W. A. Elliott, Mrs. Huntley, Miss Alice Cooke, Miss Alice Belmore, Miss L. Garth, and two clever child actresses, Miss Maudie Clitherow and Miss Phœbe Carlo, are eminently satisfactory in some of the smaller portion. Great credit is due to Mr. Walter Hann, who has supplied the greater portion of the pretty scenery. Mr. T. E. Ryan is also to be commended for his delightful painting of the last scene. A word of praise, too, should be accorded to Mr. Edward Jones, the musical conductor of this theatre, who has supplied the appropriate incidental music."

On the 29th of this month, at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, Miss Mary Anderson acted Rosalind for the first time in



MR. E. S. WILLARD.

(HOODMAN BLIND.)



her life. Six weeks later, that is to say, on October 12, she made her re-appearance in this character, on the American stage, at the Star Theatre, New York. The following morning a masterly description of her acting in this part, written by William Winter, appeared in *The New York Tribune*, from which the following notice is taken:—“ Miss Anderson has lavished upon her performance of Rosalind the most affectionate care as to detail and finish. Far more than any previous representative of Rosalind that our stage has disclosed, this actress expresses the noble pride and the shrinking, sensitive modesty of a true woman who truly loves. ‘ My pride fell with my fortunes’ is not a truth about Rosalind—it is only an excuse. She is as proud as she is tender, and the love with which she honours and hallows Orlando, though ardent and generous, is denominated by a strong character, active morality and fine intellect. Miss Anderson shows this equally by temperament and art. In her impersonation, the atmosphere of the character, like the fragrance of the rose, surrounds it and explains it. This Rosalind has not put on male attire as one of Molière’s dissolute heroines might have put it on, for the purpose of an intrigue or a frolic, but as a disguise beneath which she may protect her changed and menaced state, and perhaps retrieve her fallen fortune; and once being in this disguise, she will make use of her opportunity, as best she may, to test the depth and sincerity of the love that she has inspired, and in which her great, pure, tender heart both trembles and exults. Miss Anderson struck the key-note of her impersonation, and disclosed her true and subtle perception of the beautiful quality of transparency in acting—the device that lets the deeper feeling and interior condition of the heart glimmer forth through the veil of an assumed or a more superficial mood—when, in saying to Orlando, ‘ Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown more than your enemies,’ she made the last words a speech aside and to him inaudible. She did this in her first performance of the part at Stratford, and she did this again in her performance last night. The sweet woman-nature thus denoted is undoubtedly at the heart of Shakespeare’s ideal; and with this ideal the whole of Miss Anderson’s impersonation is level and harmonious. Her Rosalind is neither a sensual rake nor a flippant hoyden; nor, on the other hand, is it in the least degree suggestive of an insipid prude. It is a noble, brilliant,

pure, lovely woman, glorious in the affluent vitality of her beautiful youth, and enchanting in the healthful, gleeful, sparkling freedom of her bright mind and her happy heart. The vague stirring of love in the heart of Rosalind—which she herself does not understand—the unrestful mood, the sadness which is due to her regretful perception of her unfortunate circumstances, the show of mirth which would be natural under happy conditions but which now is a little forced, the condition of being Rosalind and not of acting a part, the abundant, healthful vitality, the finely poised mind, the tenderness, the sweetly grave temperament, the royal superiority which yet is touched with a submissive meekness—these attributes were all again crystallised into a lovely image of young and blooming womanhood. The Princess, as it chances in this play, has been but slightly mentioned before she enters; in the acting version she commonly is not mentioned at all. Her coming, therefore, is a little abrupt. Miss Anderson did not fail to evince her consciousness that every character has its background of previous life. Her entrance as Rosalind was in the continuance of a condition of being, and not the beginning of it. The change from pensive pre-occupation to arch levity told at once its story of sorrow sweetly veiled and of a deep nature underneath the laugh. The troubled wonder in the backward look at Orlando was eloquent equally of celestial purity and latent human passion. Nothing could be more expressive of Rosalind's ardour and delicacy than Miss Anderson's graceful action with the chain. The fine burst of filial resentment, suddenly curbed by the solicitude of friendship, when Rosalind defends her banished father, had its legitimate effect of power. It has been merged more completely than at first it was into the even texture of the execution. In the boy's dress it was found that a royal nature never ceases to be royal. The original and entirely right use of the song ('When daisies pied'), making it the spontaneous overflow of joy in the heart of a healthful, happy girl, was surely felt to be one of those deft touches of nature which show the finest instinct of art. All through the forest scenes with Orlando, Miss Anderson makes Rosalind repress, beneath frolic and banter, the passion that longs to speak. The furtive caress is indicative of the whole spirit of the performance. In the reproof of Phebe the almost jocular mirth was equally natural and delightful. The pathos in the fainting scene

springs naturally out of the under-tide of earnestness that has preceded it. The final entrance of the Princess, in her bridal garments of spotless white, presented an image of dazzling loveliness, and set the seal of perfect success upon the best performance of Rosalind that people of this generation have seen. Miss Anderson spoke the epilogue for the first time since her performance at Stratford. In part spurious, and in all a tawdry and uncouth piece of writing, that epilogue ought long since to have been discarded. It is entirely inharmonious with Rosalind's character, and it never had any effect beyond that of taking the actress out of the part and the picture and degrading her to the level of a coarse and trivial popular taste. Miss Anderson should be honoured for equal wisdom and artistic propriety if she were to close the piece with a dance. The foes are all reconciled; the lovers are all mated; and while the woods are ringing with music, and every face is shining with happiness, the curtain falls upon this scene of sylvan beauty and 'true delights.' In the presence of a work of art thus luminous with the authentic fire of genius, and thus resplendent against a rich background of such thought and feeling as constitute the highest and finest experience, it seems desirable that something more should be set down than simply the record of it, or the mere cold description of its attributes and its effect. The quality that most of all commends Miss Anderson to sympathy and admiration—more especially of those observers who, through experience and suffering, have learned to know the world and to place something like a right estimate upon human life—is her spiritual freedom. Care has not laid its leaden hand upon her heart. Grief has not stained the whiteness of her spirit. The galling fetters of convention have not crippled her life. Accumulated burdens of error and folly have not arrived to deaden her enthusiasm and embitter her mind. Disappointment has not withered for her the bloom of ambition or blighted the smile upon the face of hope. Time, with its insidious and saddening touch, has not yet curbed for her the starry visions of purpose or the joyous tumult of action. Satiety and monotony have not made a desert round her path. But still for her the birds of morning sing in the summer woods, and her footsteps fall, not on the faded leaves of loss and sorrow, but on the blown roses of youth and joy. Strong in noble and serene womanhood, untouched by

either the evil or the sordid unwholesome dulness of contiguous lives, not secure through penury of feeling, and not imperilled through reckless drift of emotion, rich equally in mental gifts and physical equipments, this favoured creature is the living fulfilment of the old poetic ideal of gipsy freedom and classic grace. Byron saw it in his 'Egeria.' Wordsworth saw it in his 'Phantom of Delight.' Seldom have human eyes beheld it in actual human form. Yet it is one of the richest and grandest possibilities of existence. Once, at the outset, comes to every human soul the opportunity of its choice. Here at least is the one being who has chosen well. Every emanation of her art is eloquent of innate royal superiority. Whatever had walk of life might be, such a nature, it is easy to perceive, would still keep its imperial dominance, equally of its circumstances and itself. The great success of Miss Anderson is not the accident of superficial beauty and frivolous caprice. Her art is noble—but herself is more noble than her art. A certain tinge of sadness naturally enough colours the recognition with which experienced thought must, more and more, perceive the significance of this actress as a power in the artistic education of our time. Great in her achievements and greater still in her nature, the presence of such a woman touches, in many and many a heart, that chord of sorrow which still vibrates back to the error that lost the world. Each of her performances, like the one that has now been seen, will give its special revelation of genius, and impart its special and peculiar charm; but, higher and better than all her works, because a stately and splendid monitor to the soul and not merely a superb delight to the sense, abides the woman herself, to teach us what loveliness is possible in human life, and to make us think on the nobleness that may yet remain among the wastes of experience and the wrecks of time."

IX.

SEPTEMBER.

Human Nature.—Dark Days.

Another successful Drury Lane drama, *Human Nature*, written by Henry Pettitt and Augustus Harris, was brought out on the 12th of this month. In this play the authors have taken advantage of that admiration and enthusiasm which is felt by Englishmen for their soldiers, and, whilst picturing in a graphic manner some of their hardships and their heroism, have cleverly interwoven a story of domestic interest by turns grave and gay, and, if at some moments stirring and harrowing in detail, relieved the next by touches of humour, which go far to verify the old truism that laughter is akin to tears. In the working out of the plot a strong contrast is made between woman's devotion and perfidy, man's nobility and weakness; the cool, calculating villain and the ruffianly one, actuated by the same motives and caring little how they compass their ends, stand out side by side; there are vivid scenes of suffering humanity, while the old, old story of love, sincere, yet laughable to the lookers on, is again retold. When the story opens, Captain Temple, the hero, is anxiously looked for by his wife, Nellie, who is expecting him home after a considerable absence. Everything appears to promise happiness in the meeting, but a discordant element soon arises, for the husband finds on his arrival that a certain Cora Grey is installed as companion to his wife. A *liaison* had existed between the companion and Temple some years previously in India, and though she now only asks for his friendship where once he had given his love, he insists upon her leaving his roof at once as no fit companion for his wife and child. Goaded by his harsh words and treatment, Cora

Paul de Vigne, himself a *particeps criminis*, that such a judgment would have been given in the Courts. The death of poor little Dick could also be dispensed with, as it really helps but little towards the progress of the story ; and, if perhaps just, the terrible end of Cora Grey is almost too revolting an idea, though her assassination does not take place in the presence of the audience ; while the character of Stephen Mardyke could have been suppressed altogether with advantage. Allowing for these blots, it must be admitted that the authors have done their work well. Drury Lane, under its present management, has become famous for its scenery and mechanical effects, but in no previous production have these excellencies been surpassed.

Dark Days, a dramatisation by Mr. J. Comyns Carr of the novel of the same name by the late Hugh Conway, was brought out at the Haymarket Theatre on the 26th, and was thus criticised at the time of its production :—“It is generally assumed that the books of the late Hugh Conway are dramatic simply because they are exciting. They read well, their interest is well sustained, they are weird and psychological, but how little dramatic they are for the purpose of the stage is shown when they come under the guiding and correcting hand of the dramatist. In order to fit “Dark Days” for the stage, Mr. Comyns Carr has had virtually to write a new story ; and the most curious circumstance is that the strong leading motive of the novel, which has been retained as the backbone of the play, is found to be its very weakest point. All goes well with the drama until the murder of Sir Mervyn Ferrand. Thanks to Mr. Carr’s interpolations and alterations, we are pleased with serious and comic interest alike. The Hon. Percy Pentland and Miss Ethel Brabourne are pleasant, amusing, and agreeable young people as played by Mr. Charles Sugden and Miss Helen Forsyth. The story of the unfortunate marriage of Philippa Lafarge is told so tenderly and with such natural expression by Miss Lingard, that we at once sympathise with the wrongs of this unhappy young lady. The suave and sensual baronet, with his refined unscrupulousness and cold determination, is so admirably played by Mr. Beerbohm-Tree, that we are dangerously near forgiving the polished scoundrel for his many misdeeds. We can even find it in our hearts to overlook the extraordinary fatuity and folly of Dr. Basil North—

tragically interpreted by Mr. Maurice Barrymore, with sallow complexion and jet black eyebrows—who in order to show his passionate devotion to a charming and interesting young lady moves heaven and earth to make her wretched for evermore with a man he knows to be the most depraved, vicious, and heartless creature in existence. There is nice comedy with the young people, fine-character acting on the part of Mr. Beerbohm-Tree and Mr. Robert Pateman in all the scenes preliminary to the murder ; and the murder itself, done at midnight in a country road during a snowstorm, is so effective and striking that the play seems to be gaining interest at every stride. The circumstances of the murder must be familiar to all readers of the novel. The baronet is slain by a blackmailing ruffian, but Philippa Lafarge, who in a fit of delirium has wandered out into the snow in her nightdress, is detected by her lover, pistol in hand, glaring over the dead body of her hated oppressor. At this important point of the story, the murder having been done, the audience having seen it, and a mistake having occurred as to the actual murderer, there are naturally two courses open to the dramatist. First, the old-fashioned and always successful course of charging Philippa Lafarge with the crime, and plunging her into endless difficulties, as was done in *Jonathan Bradford, mutatis mutandis*, as was done in the *Silver King*, in *Taken From Life*, only recently in *Judgment*, and in thousands of successful dramas that could be easily cited. Or, secondly, the new-fangled course suggested by Mr. Hugh Conway of arresting the right man for the murder, placing him in the dock for a crime we all know he committed, and allowing the interest in the heroine Philippa to be solely contained in a side issue. We grant that the new plan is original ; whether it is serviceable for the drama is quite another question. The self-accusation and morbid psychology of the story, though extremely important in the book, are certainly not found so striking in the drama. There would have been nothing new in allowing Philippa to be charged on her own confession, and to have put her in the dock in the trial scene, until released by the conscience-stricken witness, who cannot endure her calm and innocent gaze ; but surely it would have been more dramatic than to enlist our sympathies for a murderer with whom no soul can sympathise, to carry on the interest at the trial through Dr. North.

determines to strike him through his wife. Paul de Vigne, a supposed friend of Temple, has done his best during the latter's absence to win his wife from him, of which Cora is aware. He also knows Cora's antecedents, and they agree to help each other to attain their different desires. With this view Cora induces Mrs. Temple to write a letter to the family lawyer, Matthew Hawker, asking him to come to her that evening. Cora sends this letter to De Vigne, enclosing in it the key of the conservatory that leads to Mrs. Temple's boudoir. Her husband has begun to doubt his wife through Cora's insinuations, and instead of going to London, as his wife supposes, returns to find her in the arms of De Vigne, whom she is endeavouring to repulse. A large fortune has been bequeathed to Temple's child, Frank, which, in the event of both their deaths, passes to Hawker, the lawyer. Needy and unscrupulous, he determines to compass the death of the boy, and having been instructed by Temple (who has been ordered out to Egypt) to obtain a legal separation between him and his wife, through the evidence of Cora and De Vigne he obtains a decree *nisi* with the custody of the child. Armed with this power, he gets possession of him from the mother and entrusts him to Joe Lambkin, a baby farmer, who is given to understand that £200 will be his reward if the child dies. But Hawker is not aware that his clerk, Spofskins, and Mrs. Temple's maid, Maggie Wilkins, are sweethearts. Maggie soon learns the secret of the child's hiding place from her lover, and the mother is "on the trail." Arriving at the desolate farm where Lambkin lives, with the aid of Dick, another wretched little inmate left there to be "done to death," she carries off her boy. Pursued by Hawker and his clerk, who have tracked her, she falls fainting on the high road outside the parsonage,, and seems likely to be again robbed of her only remaining treasure when she finds unexpected friends in the clergyman and his kind-hearted wife, who, in defiance of the law, give her shelter and protection. The story next carries us to Egypt, where in the "zereba at night" we find Captain (by this time Major) Temple in the midst of his soldiers, weary and harrassed by the onslaughts of the Arabs, with safety only in retreat. Not far from the zereba is a beleagured "City in the Desert," from which arrives a priest, Bonini, to ask the aid of the English. Temple at length persuades his command-

ing officer to give him some troops with which to attempt the succour of the friendly inhabitants. After a fierce fight, the English troops are victorious, and the city is taken by assault, but the Mahdi's lieutenant, a regenade, escapes. On his return to the main body, Temple halts at the "Wells," and comes face to face with the regenade, and in him he recognises the man to whom he owes all his misery, Paul de Vigne, who, seeking to escape from his pursuers and dying with thirst, has taken shelter there. Revenge at first is uppermost in Temple's thoughts, but at length, pitying De Vigne's miserable condition, he gives him water, and tells him to escape. But it is too late—De Vigne's enemies are on his track. He is shot down, and in his last moments confesses his villainy, and convinces Temple that his wife was innocent. The poor little waif, Dick, has been brought to London by the Lambkins, and, worn out by cruel treatment, dies. Lambkin, to gain his promised reward, causes his death to be registered as that of Frank Temple. We next see Cora Grey in her "villa," living in luxury, and little knowing that her husband, Stephen Mardyke, whom she had betrayed and deserted, is seeking her and longing for her death. Hawker, the lawyer, tired of her constant demands upon his purse, and to be rid of her, brings Mardyke to her house. Concealed behind a curtain, the husband hears her confession of love to Temple, who, returned to England, has come to tax her with her perfidy. No sooner has Temple left her than Mardyke appears, and, worked up to a pitch of frenzy by his wrongs, struggles with Cora, but she manages to escape to a neighbouring room. He follows her, and a pistol shot and shriek are heard. The last scene is the reunion of husband, wife, and child at the parsonage, where retributive justice is meted out to Hawker and Lambkin, through the agency of Spofskins. It will be gathered from the above that there is no lack of that incident in Messrs. Pettitt and Harris's play, by means of which the interest of the audience may be kept alive throughout; and though it may appear at first sight that the grave predominates over the gay—the feelings are relieved from being kept at too high a state of tension by the love episodes of Spofskins, the stolid humour of Lambkin, and the grim jokes of the tired soldiers in the zereba. Exception may, perhaps, be taken to the apparently easy manner in which the divorce is obtained, as it can only be on the evidence of

Paul de Vigne, himself a *particeps criminis*, that such a judgment would have been given in the Courts. The death of poor little Dick could also be dispensed with, as it really helps but little towards the progress of the story ; and, if perhaps just, the terrible end of Cora Grey is almost too revolting an idea, though her assassination does not take place in the presence of the audience ; while the character of Stephen Mardyke could have been suppressed altogether with advantage. Allowing for these blots, it must be admitted that the authors have done their work well. Drury Lane, under its present management, has become famous for its scenery and mechanical effects, but in no previous production have these excellencies been surpassed.

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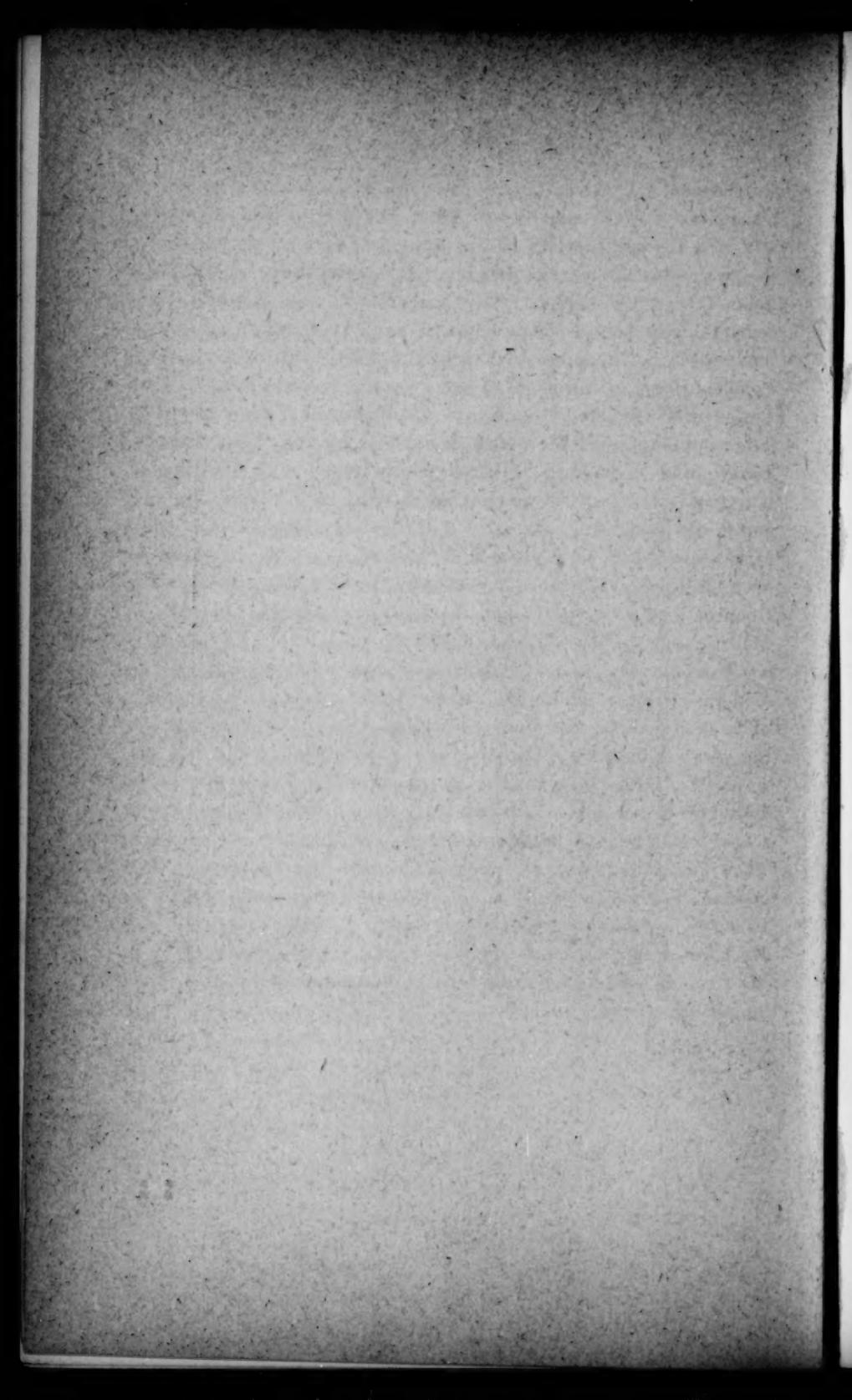
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who is from first to last a most uninteresting young person, and to bring Philippa madly rushing into court to tell a story which we all know is manifestly absurd, and will be blown to the winds in two minutes. Philippa is never for one second in danger, and on that account she and her assumed fancies cease to interest the spectator after the murder scene. Her mental torture is no doubt very harrowing, as expressed with such genuine power by Miss Lingard; but it would be twice as serviceable for the drama if Philippa had been in danger of death owing to a mistake, as other heroes and heroines have been times out of mind. There are only certain chords that can be possibly struck on the dramatic piano. Strike them falsely and they create a discord. The artists do all that is in their power to cover over what we still feel is a mistake in judgment started by Mr. Conway and inevitably followed by Mr. Carr. The acting of Miss Lingard is exceptionally fine. She has done nothing better in this country. She can be pathetic without staginess, and weird without rant. Her first description to her lover of her unhappy marriage is as delicate in its truth and tenderness, in its heart and humanity, as anything any student of acting would desire to see. The actress shows us a crushed, unfortunate, and lovable woman, the disconsolate victim of a bad and heartless man. By many a refined and gentle touch Miss Lingard shows how thoroughly she has entered into the nature of Philippa. Nor was it an easy task to suggest the feverish delirium of Philippa after the wild madness of Pauline Chester in *Called Back*. We have no ranting or noise here such as we might have had from an artist less skilled or conscientious, but a most interesting study, thoroughly well thought out, and illumined by the true art that is so rare on the modern stage. We wish for the sake of the part and the actress that Miss Lingard could have been allowed to stand the one white and pathetic figure in that lonely dock, innocence written on her brow, and a face as interesting as Beatrice Cenci, facing her accusers and destined to be saved by the righteousness of truth. That, indeed, would have been dramatic. That, indeed, would have wrung sympathy from all beholders, and would have served the actress better than rushing on and interrupting the proceedings of a solemn court. If Mr. Pateman, the representative of the real murderer, can exact pity by his haggard face and



MISS LINGARD.
(DARK DAYS.)

ENGRAVED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOGRAPHIC
COMPANY, 110, REGENT STREET, W.



woe-begone expression, how much more a woman, the victim of circumstances, and unjustly accused! However, it was not to be, and Miss Lingard deserves all the more credit for her success under the trying circumstances of the play. The performance of Mr. Beer-bohm-Tree will considerably advance his reputation. It is a very remarkable study, full of subtlety, and finished like an artist. It won universal favour from a distinguished and critical audience. Equally excellent, from another point of view, was the rough, horsey William Evans of Mr. Robert Pateman, an actor of strong force and character. The contrast between these two men was admirable. Mr. Maurice Barrymore is inclined to be unnecessarily tragic as Dr. North, and is too measured and sing-songy in his diction, but he played up well and firmly in the court scene, to the great advantage of the play. Miss Lydia Foote in a subordinate character was as delightful as ever, and Miss Forsyth promises well as a pretty *ingénue*. The Counsel for defence and prosecution were cleverly played by Mr. E. Maurice and Mr. Forbes Dawson, and the Judge of Mr. J. B. Durham was exceptionally good. Mr. Charles Sugden surpassed himself as a modern aristocrat: he has studied the "Chappies" and "Johnnies" of modern manner to the very life. He both lightens and brightens the play. Charming scenery has been painted by Mr. Walter Johnstone, Mr. Telbin, and Mr. Perkins, and the play has been mounted with lavish expense. The painted gauzes to hide the moving of scenery are ingenious, but not destined for a long life on the stage. They forcibly suggest stage waits, and make the audience restless instead of calm. When they are lowered we are always expecting someone to come on and say something. Complimentary calls for Mr. Carr, speeches from the author on the stage, and double calls for Mr. Russell and Mr. Bashford were the concluding events of an interesting evening.

X.

OCTOBER.

Mayfair.

At the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris, on December 4, 1866, there was brought out a comedy, *La Maison Neuve*, by Victorien Sardou, in which the heroine was acted by Mdlle. Fargueil, to whom the author dedicated the published version of his play. The principal male characters were taken by MM. Felix, Parade, Desrieux, and Saint-Germain. No English version existed until that made by Mr. A. W. Pinero, and represented, under the title of *Mayfair*, at the St. James's Theatre, on the 31st of this month. The play is extremely Parisian in sentiment and treatment, and, when it had gone through the purification which most pieces of its class are subjected to before being presented to an English audience, it was found to be weak and uninteresting. The scene of Mr. Pinero's first act is laid at No. 3, Upper Voy Street, Bloomsbury, a comfortable but gloomy-looking house occupied by Mr. Nicholas Barrable, an elderly stock-broker, whose nephew, Geoffrey Roydant, with his wife, Agnes, live with him. A five years' partnership between the two men has just expired, and a little dinner party is to be celebrated in honour of the event, and to seal the bond of a fresh partnership, the agreement for which waits to be signed. Mrs. Roydant is tired of the quiet life in what Mr. Barrable terms the "healthy neighbourhood of the British Museum," and she is only too eager to spend the money which she fancies her husband will make by being, as he proposes, in business

on his own account. Geoffrey has bought and furnished a house in Mayfair for his wife as a birthday gift. His uncle turns a deaf ear to his proposal that it should be occupied, and he likewise gently but firmly refuses to give his assent to his nephew starting an office in the city with no partner. The young people are doggedly determined in their plans, so they rush off just at the dinner-hour to their new house in Mayfair (a proceeding in exceedingly bad taste and extremely un-English, be it noted), leaving kind-hearted old Barrable a hastily-written note telling him of their intentions. Although hurt beyond measure at their thoughtless behaviour, Mr. Barrable insists upon their vacant chairs being left in their old places, saying that Geoffrey and Agnes shall find a warm welcome whenever they return to him. The next two acts pass in Mr. and Mrs. Roydant's drawing-room in Plunkett Street, Mayfair. Mrs. Roydant, worn out with an endless round of balls, dinners, and other so-called gaieties is apathetic, and reduced to taking chloral as a means of sleep. Pestered by the attentions of Lord Sulgrave, she is too listless to heed his importunities until a chance discovery induces her to momentarily yield to temptation. Her husband has met with a certain adventuress, whose dressmaker's bills he foolishly discharges, sending her a cheque for a considerable sum when he is on the brink of financial ruin. This comes to the knowledge of Agnes Roydant, who promptly makes by letter an assignation with Lord Sulgrave. So we pass the fourth act. Mrs. Roydant, already repentant of her weakness in writing to her would-be lover, resolves to poison herself by taking an overdose of chloral. Just as she has poured the poison into a glass, Lord Sulgrave enters her room and implores her to fulfil her written promise to elope with him. She resists and he persists, until at length, overcome by the violence of the struggle, and the heat of the room, Sulgrave drinks the sleeping-draught, and falls on the floor apparently lifeless. This scene, it should be observed, is an important departure from the original, in which the lover is made intoxicated before he enters the room, as it is impossible to imagine any sober man, with all his senses roused by the violence of passion, being so easily and so suddenly rendered senseless by the drinking of a diluted sleeping-draught. To return to the plot, however. Roydant, who has gone in search of a defaulting clerk, comes home sooner than was expected and accom-

panied by a detective, who interrogates Mrs. Roydant, who has to strain her nerves and her ingenuity to the extreme verge in order to prevent Sulgrave's body from being discovered. This is, in itself, a powerful melodramatic situation, but in this instance it is overdrawn, and, consequently, not so effective as it might otherwise be. How Mrs. Roydant drags Lord Sulgrave to his own apartment and recovers her injudicious letter to him, and how Geoffrey and Agnes Roydant return to the roof of "Uncle Nick," need not be related here. It will be seen that the play is foreign to English ideas and sentiment. It is difficult to see how anyone can have sympathy for a man who neglects the advice of his good and experienced relation so that he may plunge headlong into ruin of his own making, nor can much pity be extended to a woman who only sees in her husband's wildness an excuse for her shame, or a man who insults his friend by making love to that friend's wife. The acting honours fell to Mr. John Hare, who presented an admirable portrait of Mr. Barrable. The other performances were not noteworthy.

XI.

NOVEMBER.

Alone in London.—Erminie.

Alone in London, the play by Mr. Robert Buchanan and Miss Harriett Jay, brought out at the Olympic Theatre on November 2, is a drama of an old-fashioned type, loosely put together. Some of the incidents are admirable, but the good ideas in the piece are swamped by the lack of stage-knowledge displayed throughout. And something too much was attempted in the matter of revolving scenery, although no one will deny the stirring effect of the scene in which the villain opens a Thames sluice-gate on his wife. Mr. Leonard Boyne made a hit as the good-hearted, honest mill-owner, who is rejected by the heroine, and Mr. Herbert Standing was excellent as the easy-going, smiling villain. Miss Amy Roselle, it need hardly be said, was intelligent, interesting, and pathetic as the heroine.

Erminie, a new comic opera in two acts, written by Claxton Bellamy and Harry Paulton, composed by Edward Jakobowski, and originally represented at Birmingham on October 26, secured a success in its production on the 9th of this month, at the Comedy Theatre. Originality in story or music is not a strong feature of the piece, but if novelty is wanting there are other merits in the production which call for hearty praise. The music is bright, spirited, and tuneful throughout, though not always arranged in the most judicious manner possible. As for the story, the two thieves, Ravannes and Cadeau—inimitably acted by Mr. Frank Wyatt and Mr. Harry Paulton—are simply those well-known robbers, Robert Macaire and Jacques Strop, in other names. These worthies rob a certain Vicomte de Brissac, bind the youth to a tree, and, arriving at the Marquis de Pontvert's château, Ravannes passes himself off as de Brissac, introduces his cowardly companion as "the Baron," and is betrothed to marry Erminie, de Pontvert's daughter. The two rascals stay at the château, where they have plenty of pockets to pick, until their trick is discovered, when they are secured and handed over to justice. Miss Florence St. John made a hit as the heroine, thanks to her agreeable acting no less than her sympathetic singing.

XII.

DECEMBER.

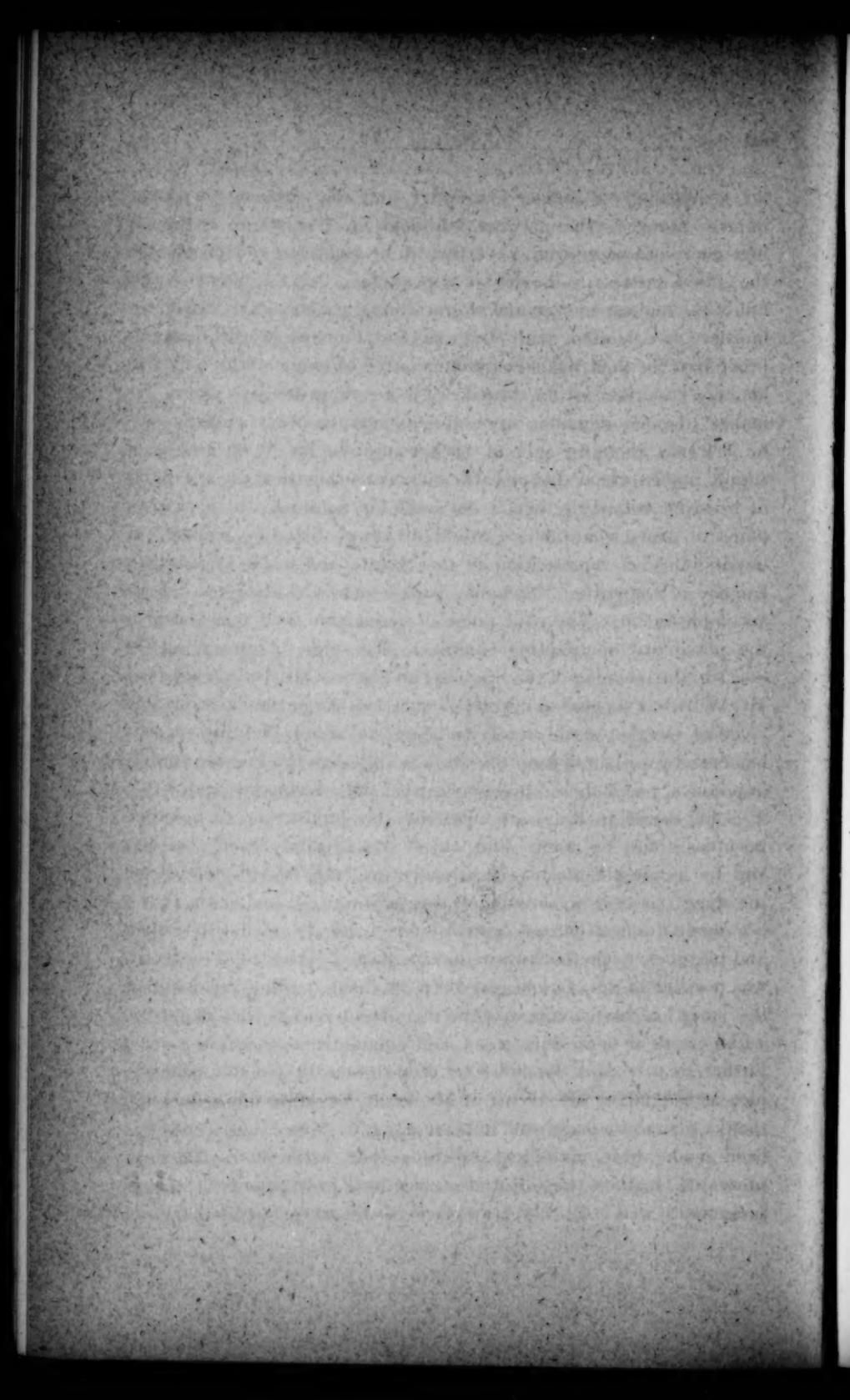
Faust.—The Harbour Lights.

The dramatic success of the year was achieved at the Lyceum Theatre, on December 19, when Henry Irving produced the version, by W. G. Wills, of Goethe's "Faust." That Mr. Irving should have succeeded in conquering the apparently insurmountable difficulty of placing this poem on the stage, in a poetic and yet dramatic spirit—that is to say, in adapting the work to the requirements of the theatre—is but another triumph of his art. Not even in Germany, much less in France or England, has anything approaching this beautiful production been hitherto accomplished. Gounod's delightful opera came nearest to preserving the original work of Goethe, to retaining its spirit and meaning, but the dramatisations have, for the most part, been quite inefficient. Even that master of stage-craft, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, saw the difficulties of attempting to dramatise the German work, and was forced to remodel the story when he brought out his play of *Gretchen*. He even went so far as to point out the apparent impossibility of such a work as that now completed by Mr. Irving, and was at great pains to explain the why and wherefore of failure in such an attempt. As an authority on the subject he quoted Schlegel, who says that "to represent the Faustus of Goethe, we must possess Faustus's magic staff, and his formulæ of conjuration." The same critic, it may be added, also observes that Goethe's work "purposely runs out in all directions beyond the dimensions of the theatre. In many scenes the action stands quite still, and they consist wholly of long soliloquies, or conversations, delineating Faustus's internal conditions and dispositions, and the development of his reflections on



Mr. HENRY IRVING.
(As MEPHISTOPHELES.)

DRAWN BY J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.



the insufficiency of human knowledge, and the unsatisfactory lot of human nature; other scenes, although in themselves extremely ingenious and significant, nevertheless, in regard to the progress of the action, possess an incidental appearance. . . . Some scenes, full of the highest energy and overpowering pathos, for example, the murder of Valentine, and Margaret and Faustus in the dungeon, prove that the poet was a complete master of stage effect, and that he merely sacrificed it for the sake of more comprehensive views. He makes frequent demands upon the imagination of his readers; nay, he compels them, by way of background for his flying groups, to supply immense movable pictures such as no theatrical art is capable of bringing before the eye." So much for Schlegel, who is at great pains to prove what no one would dream of disputing, namely, the impossibility of representing in the theatre the whole of Goethe's tragedy as it is written. Obviously, such a task would be quite beyond accomplishment. The vital point in connection with this matter is the possibility, in adapting Goethe to the stage, of preserving the essence, the meaning of the original; and herein Mr. Irving, aided by Mr. Wills, has succeeded beyond all question. Even the most reverent lover of Goethe would surely be bound to admit that the tragedy has been transplanted from the study to the stage in a manner equally impressive, poetical, and highly effective. Mr. Irving has stated that it is his desire to draw attention, by this production, to Goethe's poem as it may be read. This object has certainly been obtained, and by admirable means. A tragedy, evidently never intended for the stage, has been so skilfully treated by dramatist and actor, that it becomes a drama of intense human interest, attractive alike to student and playgoer, to the bookworm and the patron of the stalls. All that was possible in the original has been retained, nothing incidental to the story has been omitted, while the adaptation has been clothed in a framework at once rich, grand, and singularly appropriate. And further, let it be said, the character of Margaret, thanks to a beautiful idea on the part of Mr. Irving or Mr. Wills, we know not which, and thanks also to the exquisite impersonation of Miss Ellen Terry, has been made more vivid and touching than heretofore. To have presented Goethe's tragedy at all is something to be proud of; to have presented it well is an achievement which will add renewed lustre and

renown to the name of Henry Irving and to that profession of which he rightly stands at the head. Mr. Wills has made his version in a prologue and five acts, and his arrangement of scenes is somewhat similar to that of the opera. He has done the work reverently and well, without any attempt at rhetoric splendour or elaborate speeches. He has frequently translated merely, while often the language is quite his own. Those who think that Mr. Wills might have given them some long, poetic speeches must remember the conditions of the theatre and the necessity, in a case like this, for keeping the pen well under control. The prologue opens with the meditative Faust in his study. Of course we have his suicidal hand stayed by the singing of the Easter hymn, the entry of Mephistopheles in the guise of a student through the fireplace, and his sending Faust to sleep while he commands the mice to gnaw away the pentagram which bars his egress. Then we have his return, when we see him gaily appareled in red, with his "cock's feather proud" sticking in his cap. The interview of Mephistopheles, disguised as Faust, with the wandering student, the signing of the bond with blood, and the departure of Mephistopheles and Faust through the roof, are incidents which are all carefully presented. It is not until the second scene of the prologue that we get any departure from the arrangement of the original. The scene takes place outside a church where the good folk of Nuremburg may be observed attending to their devotions, while Frosch and his noisy companions indulge in drink. The latter is a reminiscence of the "Auerbach's Cellar" scene of the original, and is not, it must be confessed, of any great assistance to the development of the story. The action proceeds once more when the flaxen-haired Margaret is returning from church. Faust, struck by her beauty, offers to escort her home, but the maiden gently repulses him. Margaret's "neat and clean room," her discovery of the casket of jewels left in her press by Mephistopheles, the latter's lament at the jewels being appropriated by "Mother Church," the Evil One's lie to Martha about her husband, and the well-known scene between Faust and Margaret and Mephistopheles and Martha in the latter's garden, make up the first act. Dramatically, the third act is by far the strongest of any. It takes place in what is modestly called in the bill a "street by church." At one side, and occupying about half of the stage at the back, is seen part

of the outside of a church, with the statue of the Mater Dolorosa in a niche at the corner, and the well where the gossips congregate in front, the other side showing the exterior of Margaret's house. The soldiers have just returned from the wars, and are seen on their entry to the city, welcomed by their friends and companions. The women at the well have related the story of the shame of their neighbour, Hannah; the air is filled with the gloom of some impending calamity. Valentine soon appears, and, catching sight of Faust, the duel between the brother and the seducer quickly ensues. It ends, as we all know, with the body of Valentine, wounded to death, left at his sister's door. The citizens are alarmed, and in their rush, a soldier or two among them, forming a wonderfully picturesque group, while in the dim uncertain light of a few torches, Valentine accuses Margaret of her shame. How some of the onlookers loathe the woman, how others seem ready to tear her to pieces! The murdered Valentine is carried indoors, the crowd slowly disperses, and Margaret is left to bear the scornful looks of the virtuous Bessy and her companions. Her hands piteously clasp the foot of the statue of the Virgin, the while she herself stands like a marble figure staring into vacancy at the loss of all hope and sympathy. But one drop of comfort in this bitter hour is at hand, for one of those friends of her girlhood pities her and kisses her as she goes into church. This touch of human nature, to whoever it may belong, is a beautiful idea, and is likely to be remembered as the most pathetic incident in this sadly beautiful play. Margaret bursts into tears at her neighbour's kiss, and she also enters the church. But not, alas! to find consolation, for at her side stands the Evil One dinging into her ears the contrast between her present and her former state until the forlorn creature can no longer sustain her spirit, and falls fainting into the arms of the friend who had just embraced her. The Brocken scene occupies the fourth act. In this, Mephistopheles and Faust are seen on the top of the storm-riven mountain, and here the witches come to seek the Evil One. Never before has such a weird, fantastic, thrilling exhibition of the supernatural been presented on the stage. Here, amidst hail and rain, thunder and lightning, the witches wind their way around and about to a fearful chant, and in so strange and undefinable a manner that the eye utterly fails to follow their footsteps and the

mind to grasp whither they come from and where to they disappear. They quite bewilder and startle the sense; they awe the mind, glamour and enchain the attention, and lead the spectator quite out of himself into the realms of the other world. The rugged rocks are covered with these wild spirits at one moment, and in a single instant, at the command of Mephistopheles, they are deserted, but how the disappearance of the witches is effected cannot be described. The scene is so short that the spectator has no time for speculation; when it has ended amidst a shower of gold, and the rocks pierced through and through with a brilliancy as of forked lightning, the audience is left breathless with astonishment. Nothing like it has ever been seen on the spectacular stage, and this act alone would be enough to secure the success of the production had it no other merits than this marvellous display. In this scene, be it added, Faust sees the vision of the gibbeted figures and of Margaret. The last act of this great tragedy takes place, as in Goethe, in the dungeon where Margaret, condemned to death for the murder of her babe, is visited by Faust in his fruitless effort to save her. Margaret, terrified at the approach of Mephistopheles, flings herself for succour at the feet of the Cross, and as the Evil One hurries Faust away with his terrible "Hither, to me," a voice from above tells us that the poor suffering soul of Margaret is saved, and the drama draws to a close with a picture of a flight of angels, with outstretched wings, waiting to receive the erring one in their arms. It will be observed that in this production Mr. Irving has not lost the opportunity for scenic effect. But he has done something more than to provide a pictorially beautiful presentation of the tragedy. This representation appeals not only to the eye, but to the mind and the heart. While the philosophy of the original has not been neglected, the character of Margaret has been made more prominent and touching than in the German. This advantage is due, primarily, to the actress of the part, but also to the dramatist. The harmony of colour displayed in Mr. W. Telbin's picture of St. Lorenz-platz in the prologue, the beauty of Mr. Hawes Craven's bird's-eye view of Nuremberg and of his two garden scenes, and stage-management of the crowd surrounding Valentine at his death, and the terrific grandeur of the scene at the summit of the Brocken are one and all deserving of the highest praise in their way,

but they pale before the distraught figure of Margaret and the story of her love, her woe, and her salvation. The Mephistopheles of Mr. Irving is one of his finest performances. Its predominant characteristic is humour, but it is a grim, weird, alluring humours tragic in its intensity and deep, fateful meaning. The enemy of mankind, as portrayed by Mr. Irving, is a gloating, fascinating monster who holds his victims in an iron grasp, and smiles as he watches their misery. There is no other word but devilish to express the dull, unnatural smile which plays over his countenance in the scene in the prologue where Mephistopheles, disguised in Faust's robe, bewilders the poor student who comes to visit the learned doctor. Then, for pure power, the power of more than mortal man, takes his speech in Margaret's garden, when he forbids Faust to unite himself to Margaret. The tragic import of this speech, as it is delivered by M. Irving is, indeed, terrible, but, also, it is entralling. And the fiendish chuckle at the end of this act, when Mephistopheles exults at the impending downfall of Margaret, is a bold and striking example of the superb effect which may be obtained by the matured art of an actor of extraordinary intelligence, and great, flashing force. The Brocken scene, where nearly all is pure pantomime so far as Mephistopheles is concerned, is an instance of the hold which an actor can take upon his audience by means of his personality, gesture, and facial expression. Let it not be thought that Mr. Irving is great only in the parts of his performance on which I have touched. The entire impersonation is consistent, and it is marked by an ease and a certain grace of movement obtainable only by a complete mastery of the character. No other actor has ever given so grim and so grand, so perfect an embodiment of this extraordinary character—if Mephistopheles can, indeed, be classed as a "character" in the ordinary meaning of the word as applied to stage parts. The Margaret of Miss Ellen Terry is a tender, sadly-sweet, plaintive, and extremely lovely impersonation. In the prologue, she admirably pictures the innocent girlishness of the maiden on her way home from church and her unaffected, gentle repulse of Faust when he first addresses her. In the scene in Margaret's chamber, the "neat and clean" room which excites the admiration of Mephistopheles, her utter abandonment of herself in the character, makes a delicate scene

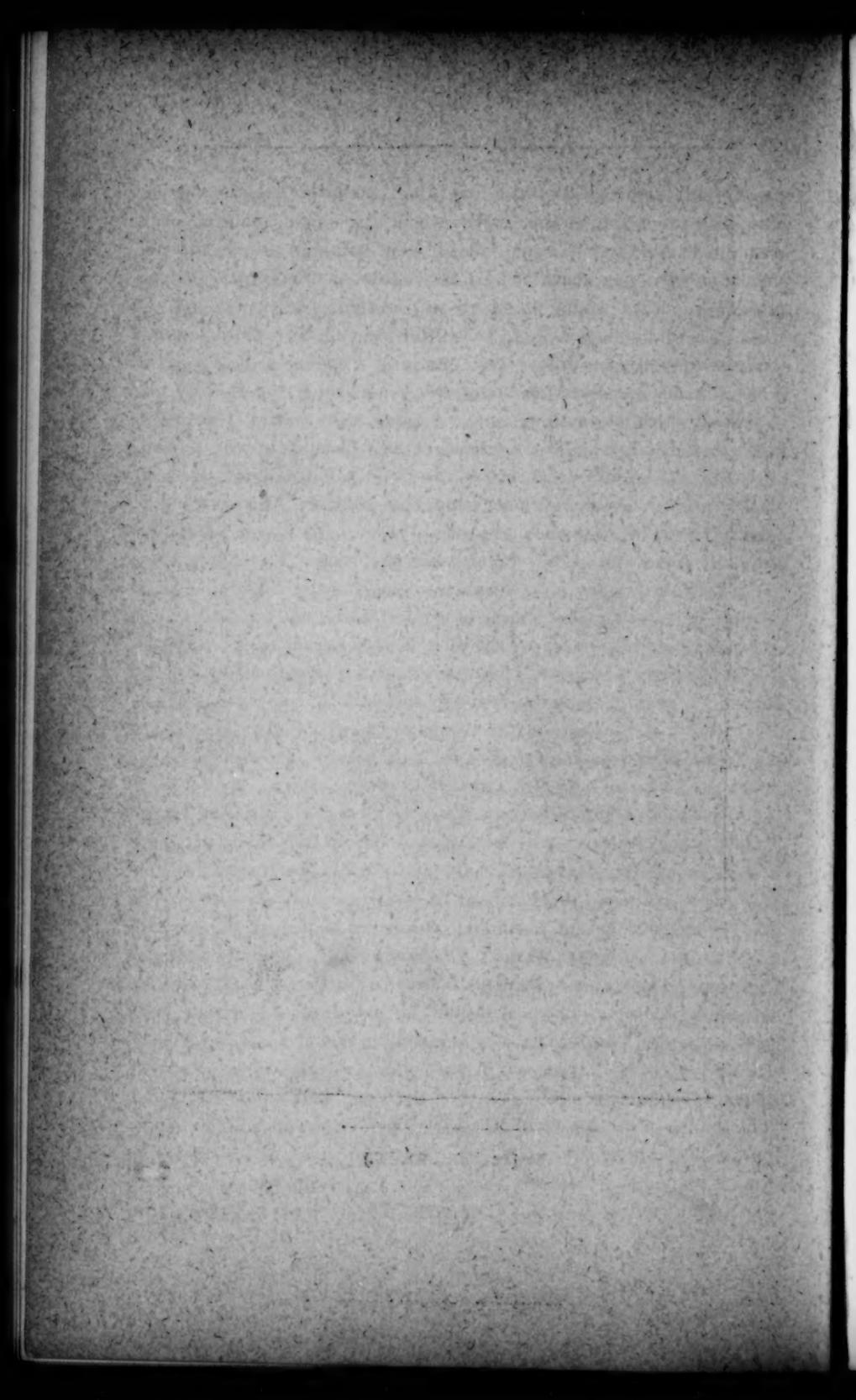
one of delight. Margaret's joy at the discovery of Faust's love, in the famous garden scene, and her impulsive kissing of his hand and then running away, form a true and pathetic, although an exceedingly pretty picture, of the trustfulness of deep, pure, and all-absorbing love. The stony and despairing anguish of Margaret after her brother's accusation, and her demented condition in the dungeon, are also beautifully treated by Miss Terry. The entire impersonation is fraught with rare loveliness. It is an illustrious example of the genius of this singularly gifted actress, and it sustains her position in the very first rank of art. Higher praise than this cannot be accorded to the Margaret of Ellen Terry. To this account of the Lyceum *Faust*, a note on former plays which owe their origin to Goethe's work, may be here appended. *Faust* was first presented at the Brunswick Hoftheater on January 19, 1829, the version being made by August Klingemann, the director of the theatre. The second version produced was made by Ludwig Tieck, and acted at Dresden on August 27, 1829. The play was acted in German, under the direction of Mr. Mitchell, on June 27, 1852, with Emile Dévrient as Faust, Herr Kuehn as Mephisto, and Fräulein Schafer as Margaret. A French version, by M. Michael Carré, was acted at the Gymnase Theatre, Paris, on August 19, 1850. This was a workmanlike construction, in which philosophy was discarded, and a good theatrical play secured. This version was worked upon by Charles Kean for his production on April 19, 1854, at the Princess's Theatre, of the "magical drama" of *Faust and Marguerite*. Opinions differed as to the moral and religious tendencies of this singular drama, some objectors wondering how it passed the censorship of the Lord Chamberlain, and loudly questioning the orthodoxy of the conclusion: yet "the public," it is recorded, "flocked in crowds to see a beautiful and original exhibition." Mephistopheles was one of Charles Kean's finest performances. M. Carré's play formed the basis of Gounod's opera, and when this was represented simultaneously in London—at Her Majesty's Theatre and at Covent Garden—in July, 1863, it was presented at one house from a material point of view, at the other from a spiritual standpoint, a somewhat singular proceeding. At her Majesty's, Mdlle. Titiens charmingly represented the outline of a real and artless village girl, who "plunges



MISS ELLEN TERRY,

(AS MARGARET.)

DRAWN BY J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.



substantially into an abyss of love, and, with the help of Signor Giuglini, brings out, in the garden scene, the whole material and sensuous charm of the music." At Covent Garden, Mdme. Miolan-Carvalho, who was instructed by M. Gounod himself in the part of Margaret, and for whom its music was written, represented not so much the girl as the girl's soul. And this she did, to a great extent, by means of outward show. Until Margaret's fall, she walked in pure white, the idealisation of the character being strongly marked by the contrast between her costume and the gayer attire of the other girls. Betrayed and forsaken, her virgin-white was changed to grey. After the death of Valentine, she entered the cathedral attired in a dress as black as pitch, no white showing, save when Margaret lifts her arms in supplication to heaven, when great white sleeves, like wings, were to be observed about the arms. In the dungeon, she again wore a grey dress, lined with white, and, finally ascended to the celestial regions clothed in nothing but stainless white. Such an "indication of character" as this would probably be deemed superfluous now. Mr. W. S. Gilbert's *Gretchen* was brought out at the Olympic Theatre, on March 24, 1879. This, as already stated, was a reconstruction of Goethe's story. Mr. H. B. Conway was the Faust, Mr. Frank Archer the Mephisto, Miss Marion Terry the heroine, and Mrs. Bernard-Beere, as Lisa, had a part of fair prominence.

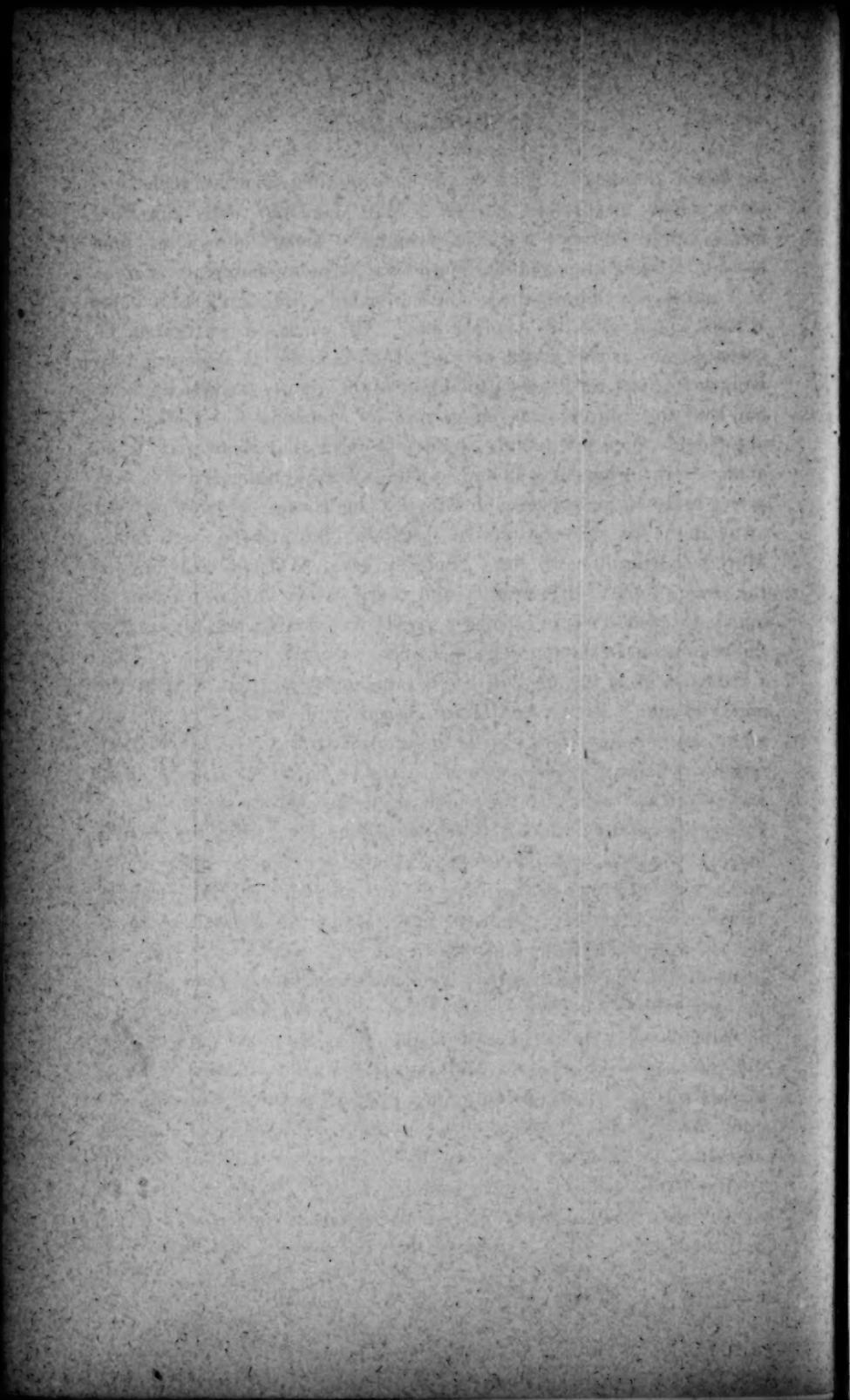
The Harbour Lights, a five-act drama by George R. Sims and Henry Pettitt, was produced on December 23 at the Adelphi Theatre, where it is still running. This is decidedly one of the best and most effective plays that has been brought out at the Adelphi in recent years. The story is interesting, and abounding in touches of human nature, both pathetic and humorous, while the construction is singularly neat and ingenious. The scene on the deck of H.M.S. Britannic is as lively and stirring a picture as need be, while the rescue of the heroine is as powerful a dramatic situation as any modern melodrama. *The Harbour Lights*, in fact, is all that an Adelphi melodrama should be—a strong, touching play, excellently placed on the stage, and admirably acted. The outline of the story is as follows:—The first act opens at Redcliffe-on-the-Sea, where lads and lasses, mothers, wives, and sweethearts are on the look-out for the boats which are hourly expected to bring ashore the crew of H.M.S. Britannic. One of the girls who is looking

out for her lover is Dora Vane, the adopted daughter of a retired officer, Captain Nelson. She and young Lieutenant Kingsley were boy and girl together, and the pair have been separated for two years. She is more than usually lonely to-day, for Lina Nelson, her sister in all but name, has been spirited away to London, ostensibly as a governess, but in reality she has been betrayed and deserted by the gay young squire, Frank Morland, a gambler and a reckless spendthrift. Morland is on his last legs, he knows not where to turn for money, until, learning that Dora Vane is the heiress to twenty thousand pounds, he determines to marry her, and have her money by fair means or foul. His plans are, however, frustrated by the arrival of David Kingsley, who promptly comes to the point with Dora, proposes to her, and is accepted, so that when Frank Morland asks for her hand he finds himself late in the field, and his suit is consequently rejected. The second act takes us to the interior of Nelson's cottage, where Lina returns, determined to demand and obtain reparation from Squire Morland, or to end her life, and for the latter purpose she secretes in her dress a loaded pistol. Her father has gone to London in search of her, and when Dora learns that Lina has gone to the Hall at night to endeavour to see Morland, she resolves to follow her. This falls out well with Morland's plans, for he has contrived to send his servants away in the night in the hope of having, by means of an artfully-worded note, Dora Vane alone in the house with him. The second scene of this act takes place at the Hall, where Lina Nelson arrives, and, meeting with only hard words from the man who had wronged her, attempts to fire the pistol, but this attempt is frustrated by Morland, who snatches the weapon from her, and places it on a table by the window. Just at this moment, Mark Helstone, a sea-faring man, who had gone to the bad through losing Lina Nelson, and had sworn to kill her seducer, is seen in the garden. The squire forces Lina into a room, and Helstone enters and demands to know who was with him. Morland denies that it was Lina Nelson, and as Dora Vane arrives at that moment he says that she was the woman, and so Helstone is apparently satisfied at the explanation, and goes away, to return, however, and hide himself behind a curtain. A powerful scene then occurs between Morland and Dora, in which the former declares his passion for the girl, and avers that she shall not leave



MR. WILLIAM TERRISS AND MISS MILLWARD.
(THE HARBOUR LIGHTS.)

ENGRAVED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOGRAPHIC
COMPANY, 110, REGENT STREET, W.



his house that night. Just in the nick of time Kingsley rushes in, saves Dora, and carries her off. Mark Helstone, who has then learned that Morland was Lina's betrayer, shoots him dead. One scoundrel being thus put out of the way, a prominent place is given to another, the late squire's cousin, Nicholas Morland, who hates Kingsley, and seeks to disgrace him. He causes a warrant to be issued for his arrest on the charge of murder—for it is known that Kingsley was at the Hall on the night of the crime—and, as he finds out that the murder was committed by Helstone, he bribes the unfortunate man to leave the country in order that there may be no evidence in Kingsley's favour. The warrant, however, does not arrive in time, for Lieutenant Kingsley has been suddenly ordered away with his ship on active service. Nevertheless, Nicholas Morland determines to hunt Kingsley down, so he pursues him to the deck of the "Britannic"—and there sneers at him for having married a woman whom he falsely says is dishonoured, and also makes the accusation of the murder. Kingsley, naturally maddened at such a charge, and at the idea of leaving his newly-married wife at the mercy of such a wretch as Morland, begs in vain for leave of absence, when, as the signal for clearing the ship of strangers is sounded, an order to a home appointment arrives, and he is free to stay on shore and protect his wife. In the fourth act we are shown the interior of Helstone's cottage, whither Mark has borne Lina after the terrible scene at the Hall, and where she has lain delirious for some hours, and has stated in her ravings that it was she who shot the Squire. Helstone's mother, enraged at the wreck which the girl has made of her son's life, informs the police that Lina is the murderer. Helstone hears of this, and endeavours to take Lina away, but Kingsley appears and prevents this. Then occurs the great scene of the play. Lina, in endeavouring to escape, has fallen from an under path of the cliff on to the rock below, and is in imminent danger of being washed away. Kingsley determines to save her, and descends the cliff. We see him at the commencement of his perilous descent, and then, by a clever mechanical change, we see him descending to the rocks, and ultimately reaching Lina. But more troubles are in store for Kingsley and Lina, as the tide is rapidly rising and there appears to be no hope of their being saved, when up comes

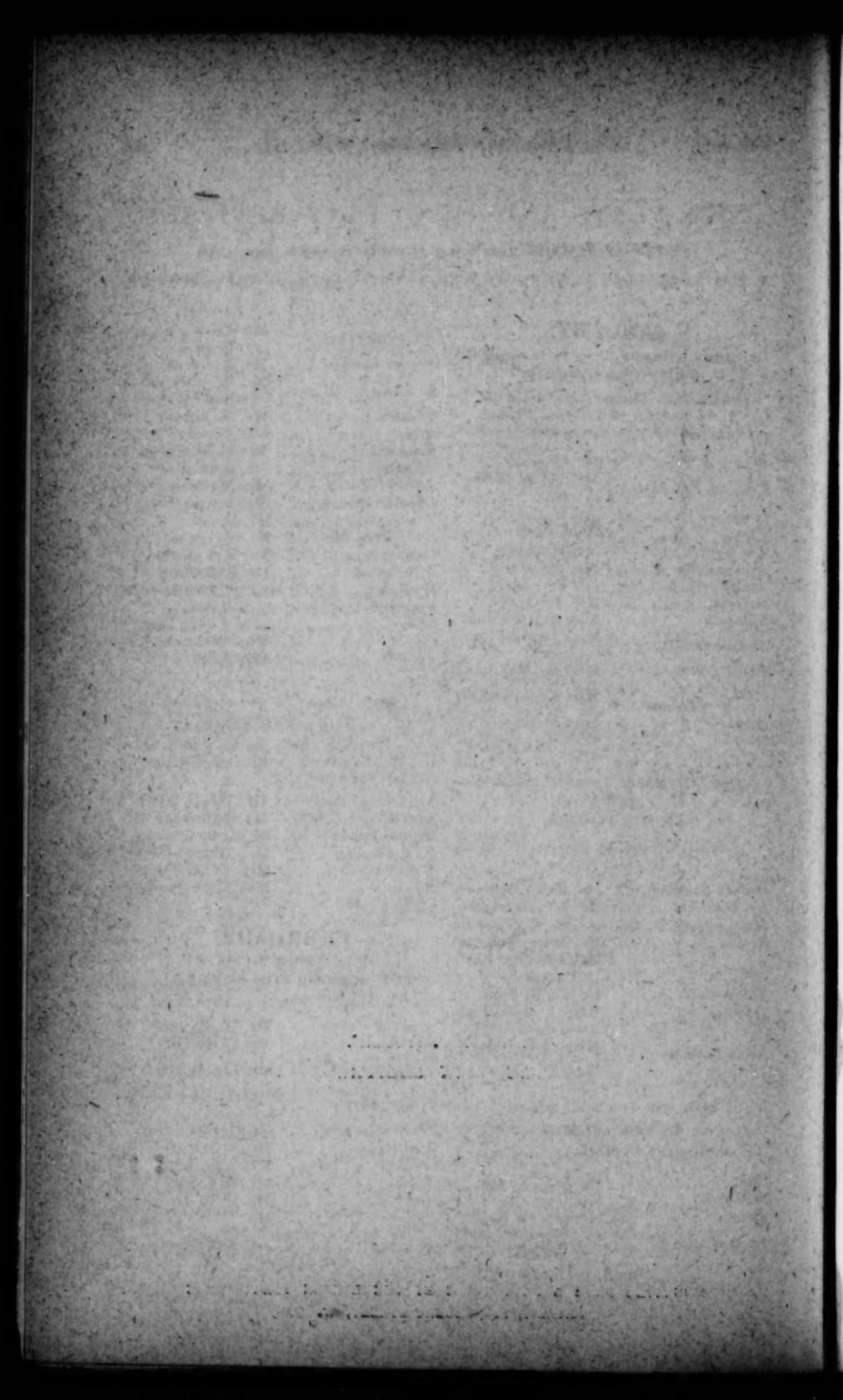
the lifeboat, and a very powerful and effective scene is brought to a capital climax. The last act, of course, is devoted to clearing the charge against Kingsley and his wife, while the villain, Morland, is proved to have been an accessory after the fact to the murder of his cousin, and the drama ends in honest fashion with virtue rewarded and villiany properly punished. There never was a better hero for this kind of play than Mr. Terriss, who looks the handsome young lieutenant to the life, and is always active, easy, and vigorous. The two heroines are agreeably impersonated by Miss Mary Rorke and Miss Millward. A hit was made by a new comer to the Adelphi, Mr. Percy Lyndal, who acts the scene between Frank Morland and Lina Nelson at the Hall with warmth and extreme naturalness, uncommon qualities in a young actor. That excellent comedian, Mr. E. W. Garden, has a congenial part in the play.

Record should be made in these pages of *Little Jack Sheppard*, a burlesque of uncommon brightness and far above the average work of its class, written by H. P. Stephens and W. Yardley, and successfully brought out at the Gaiety Theatre, on the 26th of this month. The ever-young Miss Farren acted Jack Sheppard with her accustomed spirit, Mr. David James was the most amusing Blue-skin imaginable, and Mr. Fred Leslie made a well-deserved hit as Jonathan Wild.



MR. FR^ED. LESLIE.
(LITTLE JACK SHEPPARD.)

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COMPANY, 110, REGENT STREET, W.



NEW PLAYS AND IMPORTANT REVIVALS,

FROM DECEMBER 31st, 1884, TO DECEMBER 31st, 1885.

WITH THE DATES OF PRODUCTION AND CASTS OF CHARACTERS.

JANUARY.

20th. Prince's. First Performance.

PRINCESS GEORGE.

Drama, in Three Acts, adapted by C. F. COGHLAN from the French of ALEXANDRE DUMAS, the younger.

Prince de Birac	Mr. Coghlan
Count de Terrémonde	{ Mr. C. W. Somer-set.
Galanson	Mr. F. Everill.
Cervié	Mr. Dalzell.
The Baron	Mr. H. Crisp.
De Fontette	Mr. J. Carne.
Victor	Mr. Smedley.
Séverine	Mrs. Langtry.
Sylvanie	Miss Amy Roselle.
Madame de Perigny	{ Mrs. John Billington.
The Baroness	Miss H. Matthews.
Valentine de Brandremont	{ Miss Kate Pattison.
Berthe	Miss A. Rose.
Rosalie	Miss Rosina Filipi.

21st. Olympic. First Performance in London.

IN HIS POWER.

Original Drama, in Three Acts, by MARK QUINTON.

Hubert Graham	Mr. Kyrie Bellew.
Dr. Cameron	Mr. J. G. Grahame.
Mr. Walker	Mr. W. T. Elworthy.
René	Mr. Mark Quinton.
Eugène Scarra	{ Mr. Charles Cartwright.
Johnson	Mr. G. Hodson.
Mrs. Walker	{ Miss Lizzie Claremont.
Marie Graham	{ Miss Ada Cavendish

24th. St James's. Revival.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Shakespeare's Comedy, in Five Acts.

Duke	Mr. J. F. Young.
Frederick	Mr. Denison.
Amiens	Mr. Joseph Tapley.
Jacques	{ Mr. Hermann Vezin.

First Lord	... { Mr. Brandon Thomas.
Second Lord	... Mr. T. Lovell.
Le Beau	... { Mr. E. Hamilton Bell.
Charles	... Mr. H. Vernon.
Oliver	... Mr. Waring.
Taques	... Mr. F. M. Paget.
Orlando	... Mr. Kendal.
Adam	... Mr. Maclean.
Dennis	... Mr. Vivian.
Touchstone	... Mr. Hare.
Sir Oliver Martext	Mr. Myers.
Corin	... Mr. R. Cathcart.
Sylvius	... Mr. F. Rodney.
William	... Mr. E. Hendrie.
Rosalind	... Mrs. Kendal.
Celia	... Miss Linda Dietz.
Phæbe	... Miss Webster.
Audrey	... Miss Lea.

28th. Court. First Performance.

THE OPAL RING.

A Play, in Two Acts, adapted by G. W. GODFREY from the French of Octave Feuillet.

Sir George Carteret	Mr. John Clayton.
Lord Henry Tober	Mr. Arthur Cecil.
Harold Rivers	... M. H. B. Conway.
Lady Carteret	Miss Marion Terry.
Mrs. Rivers	Miss Lydia Foote.
Wilson	Miss Lucy Roche.

FEBRUARY.

10th. Prince's. Revival.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

Sheridan's Comedy, in Five Acts.

Sir Peter Teazle	Mr. W. Farren.
Sir Oliver Surface	Mr. F. Everill.
Sir Benjamin Backbite	Mr. Lin Rayne.
Joseph Surface	{ Mr. H. Beerbohm-Tree.
Charles Surface	Mr. Coghlan.
Crabtree	Mr. A. Wood.
Careless	Mr. E. Smedley.
Rowley	Mr. H. Crisp.
Moses	Mr. E. D. Lyons.
Snake	{ Mr. Courtney Thorpe.
Trip	Mr. J. Carne.

Sir Harry Bumper ...	Mr. Dalzell.
Sir Toby ...	Mr. Dorrell.
Servant to Joseph ...	Mr. Weathersby.
Lady Teazle ...	Mrs. Langtry.
Mrs. Candour ...	{ Mrs. Arthur Stir-
	ling.
Lady Sneerwell ...	Miss Kate Pattison.
Maria ...	Miss Eva Sothern.

21st. Court. Revival.

THE DENHAMS.

Comedy, in Four Acts, adapted by

JAMES ALBERY.

Mr. Denham ...	Mr. Edward Price.
Fawley Denham ...	Mr. H. B. Conway.
The Rev. Lord	
William Whitehead	{ Mr. Arthur Cecil.
John Goring ...	Mr. John Clayton.
Grandison ...	Mr. Albert Sims.
Freeman ...	Mr. Burnley.
Mrs. Denham ...	Mrs. John Wood.
Blanche Denham ...	Miss Norreys.
Mrs. Goring ...	Miss Lydia Foote.
Haidée Burnside ...	Miss Marion Terry.

24th. Lyceum. Revival.

THE HUNCHBACK.

Sheridan Knowles' Play, in Five Acts.

Master Walter ...	Mr. Arthur Stirling.
Sir Thomas Clifford	Mr. William Terriss.
Lord Tinsel ...	Mr. Arthur Lewis.
Master Wilfrid ...	Mr. J. Anderson.
Modus ...	{ Mr. Herbert Stand-
	ing.
Master Heartwell ...	Mr. George Warde.
Gaylove ...	Mr. R. De-Cordova.
Fathom ...	Mr. F. W. Irish.
Thomas ...	Mr. Dwyer.
Stephen ...	Mr. Black.
Williams ...	Mr. Gillespie.
Simpson ...	Mr. Galliford.
Holdwell ...	Mr. Lintott.
Waiter ...	Mr. W. Russell.
Helen ...	{ Miss Bella Pate-
	man.
Julia ...	{ Miss Mary Ander-
	son.

26th. Princess's. First Performance.

JUNIUS; or, the HOUSEHOLD GODS.

Play in Five Acts. by the late LORD LYTTON.

Lucius Junius ...	Mr. Wilson Barrett.
Lucretia ...	Miss Eastlake.
Sextus Tarquin ...	Mr. E. S. Willard.
Aruns Tarquin ...	Mr. Neville Doone.
Valerius ...	Mr. H. Evans.
Papinius ...	Mr. C. Fulton.

Titus ...	Mr. H. Besley.
Lucius ...	Mr. C. Burleigh
Casca ...	{ Mr. Walter Speak-
	man.
Vindex ...	{ Mr. Charles Hud-
	son.
Sophronion ...	Mr. John Dewhurst.
Lucretius ...	Mr. Clifford Cooper.
Collatinus ...	Mr. Bernard Gould.
Slave to Lucretia ...	Mr. W. A. Elliott.
Female Slave ...	Miss Mary Dickens.
The Sibyl ...	Miss M. Leighton.

26th. Princess's. First Performance.

THE COLOUR-SERGEANT.

Drama, in One Act, by BRANDON THOMAS.

William Honor ...	Mr. John Dewhurst.
Henry Havelock	
Honor ...	{ Mr. C. Fulton.
Charlie Tucker ...	Mr. H. Bernage.
Bob Atkins ...	Mr. George Barrett.
Nelly ...	Miss Mary Dickens.

28th. Haymarket. Farewell Revival.

MASKS AND FACES.

Comedy, in Three Acts, by CHARLES READE and TOM TAYLOR.

Sir Charles	{ Mr. Forbes-Robert-
Pomander ...	son.
Ernest Vane ...	Mr. M. Barrymore.
James Quin ...	Mr. E. Maurice.
Colley Gibber ...	Mr. C. Brookfield.
Mr. Soaper ...	Mr. F. Wyatt.
Mr. Snarl ...	Mr. H. Kemble.
Triplet ...	Mr. Bancroft.
Lysimachus ...	Miss Kate Grattan.
James Burdock ...	Mr. Perceval Clark.
Colander ...	Mr. C. Eaton.
Hundson ...	Mr. York.
Peg Woffington (for	{ Mrs. Bancroft.
the last times) ...	
Mabel Vane ...	Miss Calhoun.
Kitty Clive ...	Miss M. Williamson.
Mrs. Triplet ...	Miss M. Johnstone.
Roxalana ...	Miss Mabel Grattan.

MARCH.

14th. Savoy. First Performance.

THE MIKADO; or, THE TOWN OF TITIPU.

New and Original Japanese Opera, in Two Acts, written by W. S. GILBERT, composed by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

The Mikado ...	Mr. R. Temple.
Nanki-Poo ...	Mr. Durward Lely.

Ko-Ko	Mr. Geo. Grossmith
Pooh-Bah	Mr. R. Barrington.
Pish-Tash	Mr. F. Bovill.
Yum-Yum	Miss L. Braham.
Pitti-Sing	Miss Jessie Bond.
Peep-Bo	Miss Sybil Grey.
Katisha	Miss. R. Brandram.

21st. Court. First Performance.

THE MAGISTRATE.

Original Farce, in Three Acts, by
A. W. PINERO.

Mr. Posket	Mr. Arthur Cecil.
Mr. Bullamy	Mr. Fred Cape.
Colonel Lukyn	Mr. John Clayton.
Capt. Horace Vale	Mr. F. Kerr.
Cis Farrington	Mr. H. Eversfield.
Achille Blond	Mr. Chevalier.
Isodore	Mr. Deane.
Mr. Wormington	Mr. Gilbert Trent.
Inspector Messiter	Mr. Albert Sims.
Sergeant Lugg	Mr. Lugg.
Constable Harris	Mr. Burnley.
Wyke	Mr. Fayre.
Agatha Posket	Mrs. John Wood.
Charlotte	Miss Marion Terry.
Beatie Tomlinson	Miss Norreys.
Popham	Miss La Coste.

APRIL.

1st. Vaudeville. First Performance.

UNDER FIRE.

Play, in Four Acts, by WESTLAND
MARSTON.

Guy Morton	Mr. Thos. Thorne.
Wynford Ormsby	Mr. Chas. Sudgen.
Charles Wolverley	Mr. Frank Archer.
Hon. Claude Doyle	Mr. Yorke Stephens
M. Bellecourville	Mr. Fred. Thorne.
Watson	Mr. Austin.
Perkins	Mr. Powell.
Lady Fareham	Miss Amy Roselle.
Caroline Fareham	Miss Cissy Grahame.
Miss Amaranth	Miss Le Thiere.
Miss Louisa Lin-	Miss Kate Phillips.
wood	
Mrs. Naylor	Mrs. Canninge.

4th. Adelphi. First Performance.

THE LAST CHANCE.

Original Drama, in Five Acts, by GEORGE
R. SIMS.

Frank Darryl	Mr. Charles Warner
James Barton	Mr. Jas. Fernandez.

Richard Darryl	Mr. George Wardle.
Rupert Lisle	Mr. Charles Glenney
Christmas Day	Mr. E. W. Garden.
Lawyer West	Mr. J. G. Shore.
Bob Rawlings	Mr. Sidney Howard
Karasoff	Mr. J. D. Beveridge.
Johnson	Mr. H. Cooper.
Dietrich	Mr. E. A. Anson.
Picto	Mr. E. Travers.
Detective Officer	Mr. E. R. Fitzdavis.
Marion Lisle	Miss Louise Moodie
Mary Barton	Miss Mary Rorke.
Nelly Peters	Miss Nelly Lyons.
Mrs. Peters	Mrs. H. Leigh.
Mrs. No. 22	Miss H. Coveney.
Mrs. Darryl	Miss Ellen Cowle.
Mrs. Moriarty	Mrs. John Carter.
Madame Picot	Miss Mary Harlowe

6th. Prince's. Revival.

PERIL.

Play, in Five Acts, adapted by B. C.
STEPHENSON and CLEMENT SCOTT, from
Sardou's "Nos Intimes."

Sir George Ormond,	} Mr. Joseph Carne.
Bart.	
Sir Woodbine Grafton	Mr. H. Beerbohm-
K.C.S.I.	Ton.
Dr. Thornton	Mr. H. Grattan.
Captain Bradford	Mr. F. Everill.
Mr. Crossley Beck	Mr. Coghlan.
Meadows	Mr. H. Crisp.
Kemp	Mr. Weathersby.
Lucy Ormond	Mr. Thornbury.
Mrs. Crossley Beck	Miss Annie Rose.
Sophie	Mrs. Arthur Stirling
Lady Ormond	Miss Helena Dacre.
	Mrs. Langtry.

6th. Opera Comique. First Performance.

THE EXCURSION TRAIN.

Farcical Comedy, in Three Acts, adapted
from the French.

Aristides Cassegrain	Mr. David Jones.
Ben Briskett	Mr. W. Lestocq.
Narcisse Duval	Mr. E. W. Gardiner
Pompac	Mr. W. Scott Buist.
Loris	Mr. S. Herbert.
Bouchon	Mr. Leslie Corcoran
Ravioli	Mr. C. A. Smily.
Bambinello	Mr. F. W. Irish.
Tancred	Mr. Cecil Rayne.
Agatha	Miss Cicely Richards.
Madame Pinchard	Miss Robertha Erskine.
Virginia	Miss Lucy Buckstone.
Ophelia	Miss Helen Forsyth

16th. Vaudeville. First Performance.
OPEN HOUSE.

Original Farcical Comedy, in Three Acts,
 by HENRY J. BRYON.

Jack Alabaster ... Mr. Thos. Thorne.
Mr. Drinkwater ... Mr. William Farren
Mr. Cayley ... Mr. Yorke Stephens
Dormer ... Mr. J. R. Crauford.
Joseph ... Mr. Wheatman.
Mrs. Cayley ... Miss Cavalier.
Myra ... Miss Cissy Crahamme
Mrs. Penthouse ... Mrs. Canninge
Timpson ... Miss Kate Phillips.

25th. Haymarket. Farewell Revival.
OURS.

Comedy, in Three Acts, by T. W.
 ROBERTSON.

Prince Perovsky ... Mr. C. Brookfield.
Col. Sir Alexander } Mr. H. Kemble.
Shendrynn ... }
Angus MacAlister ... { Mr. Maurice Barry-
 more.
Hugh Chalcot (for
 the last times) ... } Mr. Bancroft.
Captain Sumprey ... Mr. C. Eaton.
Sergeant Jones ... Mr. E. Maurice.
Houghton ... Mr. York.
Lady Shendrynn ... Miss M. A. Victor.
Blanche Haye ... Miss Calhoun.
Mary Netley (for
 the last times) ... Mrs. Bancroft.

29th. Comedy. First Performance.
BAD BOYS.

Comedy, in Three Acts, being the English
 version of "Clara Soleil."

Colonel Hornblower ... Mons. C. D. Marius
Oscar Meadow ... Mr. Carton.
Charles Chickweed ... Mr. Arthur Roberts
Laura Chickweed ... Miss Tilbury.
Claude Basevey ... Mr. Edward Rose.
Edith Basevey ... Miss Minnie Bell.
Nelly Nightingale ... Miss Violet
 Cameron.
Stefano Ravioli ... Mr. Collini.
Mrs. Gay ... Miss Lizzie Clare-
 mont.
Mr. Horace Spalding Mr. Compton.
Mary Meek ... Miss Clara Graham

MAY.

7th (Afternoon). Olympic. First Performance.
THE GREAT PINK PEARL.

Original Play, in Three Acts, by R. C.
 CARTON and CECIL RALEIGH.

Prince Paul Penin- M. Marius.
koff

<i>Count Serge-Kero</i>	{	Mr. A. M. Denison.
<i>nine</i>		Mr. G. Giddens.
<i>Anthony Sheen</i> ...	{	Mr. C. Groves.
<i>Patruccio Gorman</i> ...	{	Mr. S. Caffrey.
<i>Valovitch</i>	{	Mr. Hamilton Bell.
<i>Albert</i>	{	Mr. S. Harcourt.
<i>Lillicarp</i>	{	Mr. Barton.
<i>Ivan</i>	{	Mr. H. Parry.
<i>Watson, P.C., L.Y.</i>	{	195.
<i>Gendarme</i>	{	Mr. N. Strathmore.
<i>Princess Peninkoff</i> ...	{	Miss Compton
<i>Mary Turner</i>	{	Miss Gabrielle
<i>Jessie</i>	{	Goldney.
<i>Mrs. Sharpus</i>	{	Miss Clara Jecks.
	{	Miss Lizzie Clare- mont.

19th (Afternoon). Strand. First Performance.

THE SILVER SHIELD.

Original Comedy, in Three Acts, by
 SIDNEY GRUNDY.

<i>Sir Humphrey Chet</i> -	{	Mr. John Beau- wynd	champ.
<i>Dr. Dionysius Dozey</i>	{	Mr. Rutland Bar- rington.	
<i>Tom Potter</i> ...	{	Mr. Arthur Dacre.	
<i>Ned Chetwynd</i> ...	{	Mr. W. Herbert.	
<i>Mr. Davson Dick</i> ...	{	Mr. Charles Groves	
<i>Alma Blake</i> ...	{	Miss Amy Roselle.	
<i>Mrs. Dozey</i> ...	{	Miss Leigh Murray.	
<i>Susan</i> ...	{	Miss Julia Roselle.	
<i>Wilson</i> ...	{	Miss Florence	
<i>Lucy Preston</i> ...	{	Lavender.	
	{	Miss Kate Rorke.	

27th. Lyceum. Revival.

OLIVIA.

Play, in Four Acts, by W. G. WILLS.

<i>Dr. Primrose</i> ...	{	Mr. Henry Irving.
<i>Moses</i> ...	{	Mr. Norman Forbes
<i>Dick</i> ...	{	Miss F. Holland.
<i>Bill</i> ...	{	Miss M. Holland.
<i>Mr. Burchell</i> ...	{	Mr. T. N. Wenman.
<i>Squire Thornhill</i> ...	{	Mr. W. Terriss.
<i>Leigh</i> ...	{	Mr. F. Tyars.
<i>Farmer Flam-</i>	{	Mr. H. Howe.
<i>borough</i> ...	{	
<i>Mrs. Primrose</i> ...	{	Miss L. Payne.
<i>Olivia</i> ...	{	Miss Ellen Terry.
<i>Sophia</i> ...	{	Miss Winifred
<i>Polly Flamborough</i>	{	Emery.
<i>Phæbe</i> ...	{	Miss Coleridge.
<i>Gipsy Woman</i> ...	{	Miss Mills.
	{	Miss Barnett.

JUNE.

15th. Drury Lane. { First Performance
in London.

**A TRUE STORY TOLD IN TWO
. CITIES.**

Drama, in Five Acts and Twelve
Tableaux, by ELLIOT GALE.

<i>Lord Cholmondeley</i> ...	{ Mr. Richard Mans-
	field.
<i>Hon. Capt. Reginald Melton</i> ...	Mr. William Herbert.
<i>Hon. Frederick Melton</i> ...	Mr. W. H. Day.
<i>John Sternhold</i> ...	Mr. J. H. Clyndes.
<i>Rupert Sternhold</i> ...	Mr. C. H. Kenney.
<i>Josiah Faithful</i> ...	Mr. Reuben Inch.
<i>Jack Smithers</i> ...	Mr. Harry Jackson.
<i>Sam Smithers</i> ...	Mr. Harry Nicholls
<i>Sergeant Holdfast</i> ...	Mr. Arthur Yates.
<i>Workhouse Official</i> ...	{ Mr. Arthur du Pasquier.
<i>Dr. Leicester</i> ...	Mr. J. W. Poole.
<i>The Count Von Lange</i> ...	{ Mr. Henry Elmore
<i>German Officer</i> ...	{ Mr. Archibald Graysdale.
<i>Alphonse</i> ...	Mr. T. B. Hall.
<i>Little Walter</i> ...	{ Miss Gertrude Fisher.
<i>Little Maude</i> ...	Miss Maude Fisher.
<i>Lady Vere</i> ...	{ Miss Lizzie Claremont.
<i>Edith Vere</i> ...	Miss Fanny Brough.
<i>Hon. Mabel Cholmondley</i> ...	Miss Emily Duncan.
<i>Polly Smithers</i> ...	Miss Amy McNeill.
<i>Madame Michel</i> ...	Miss Minnie Inch.
<i>Workhouse Nurse</i> ...	Miss Nelly Bennett.

**22nd (Afternoon). Prince's. First Performance.
GRINGOIRE.**

Play, in One Act, adapted by W. G. WILLS, from the French of THEODORE DE BANVILLE.

<i>Louis XI</i> ...	{ Mr. Richard Mans-
	field.
<i>Pierre Gringoire</i> ...	Mr. Norman Forbes.
<i>Oliver</i> ...	Mr. J. Archer.
<i>Simon Fournier</i> ...	Mr. Hal Louther.
<i>Susan Audry</i> ...	Miss Lea.
<i>Louise</i> ...	Miss Dorothy Dene.

JULY.

**1st (Afternoon). Strand. First Performance.
ON 'CHANGE; or, THE PROFESSOR'S
DAUGHTER.**

Farcical Comedy, in Four Acts, adapted
from the German of VON MOSER.

James Burnett ... Mr. William Farren

<i>Professor Peck</i> ...	Mr. Felix Morris.
<i>Joseph Johnston</i> ...	Mr. Yorke Stephens.
<i>Uncle Lewis</i> ...	Mr. David Fisher.
<i>Adolphus d'Haas</i> ...	Mr. C. A. Smily.
<i>Tom Lyons</i> ...	Mr. A. G. Andrews.
<i>Tiffey</i> ...	Mr. Stephen Caffrey.
<i>Mouser</i> ...	{ Mr. James E. Manning.
<i>Tapestry</i> ...	Mr. W. Jennings.
<i>Jenkins</i> ...	Mr. E. Smith.
<i>Lavinia Burnett</i> ...	{ Miss Robertha Erskine.
<i>Iris Burnett</i> ...	{ Miss Eweretta Lawrence.
<i>Sophia Peck</i> ...	{ Miss Harriet Coveney.
<i>Milly Peck</i> ...	Miss Lottie Venne.
<i>Madame Rosalie</i> ...	Miss Mary Burton.
<i>Mrs. Nipper</i> ...	Mrs. H. E. Brooke.

11th. Strand. First Performance.

COUSIN JOHNNY.

Comedy, in Three Acts, by J. F. NISBET
and C. M. RAE.

<i>Johnny</i> ...	Mr. John S. Clarke.
<i>Sir George Desmond</i> ...	Mr. H. R. Teesdale.
<i>Timmins</i> ...	Mr. F. Wyatt.
<i>Hugh Seymour</i> ...	Mr. Creston Clarke.
<i>Captain Faker</i> ...	{ Mr. Hamilton Astley.
<i>Teddy Tufton</i> ...	Mr. H. Crouch.
<i>Howie</i> ...	Mr. F. Rothsay.
<i>Lady Courtney</i> ...	{ Miss Eleanor Button.
<i>Florence Courtney</i> ...	{ Miss Lucy Buckstone.
<i>Felicia Remington</i> ...	Miss Grace Arnold.
<i>Tilly Cotton</i> ...	{ Miss Marie Hudson.
<i>Mrs. Timmins</i> ...	Miss C. Ewell.

27th. Drury Lane. Revival.

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

Drama, in Five Acts, by CHARLES READE.

<i>Tom Robinson</i> ...	Mr. Chas. Warner.
<i>Pete r Crawley</i> ...	Mr. Harry Nicholls.
<i>George Fielding</i> ...	Mr. Arthur Lyle.
<i>William Fielding</i> ...	Mr. H. J. Turner.
<i>Isaac Levi</i> ...	Mr. J. H. Clyndes.
<i>Mr. Meadows</i> ...	Mr. Howard Russell.
<i>Mr. Merton</i> ...	Mr. Reuben Inch.
<i>Mr. Hawes</i> ...	{ Mr. Arthur Estcourt.
<i>Rev. Mr. Eden</i> ...	{ Mr. Edmund Gurney.

<i>Josephs</i>	Miss Katie Maccabe
<i>Fry</i>	{ Mr. Wilfred E. Shine.
<i>Evans</i>	Mr. George Wood.
<i>Jacky..</i>	{ Mr. Stanislaus Calhaem.
<i>Black Will</i>	Mr. A. Graysdale.
<i>Hudson</i>	Mr. George Vincent
<i>Hitchen</i>	Mr. Robert Shaw.
<i>Abner</i>	Mr. Wm. Garden.
<i>Black Jack</i>	Mr. George Jones.
<i>Carter</i>	Mr. John Ridley.
<i>Groom</i>	Mr. William West.
<i>Nigger Boy</i>	Mr. Frank Parker.
<i>Susan Merton</i>	{ Miss Isabel Bate- man.
<i>Mary..</i>	Miss Minnie Inch.

AUGUST.18th. *Princess's*. First Performance.**HOODMAN BLIND.**

Play in Four Acts and Fourteen Scenes,
by HENRY ARTHUR JONES and WILSON
BARRETT.

<i>Jack Yeulett</i>	Mr. Wilson Barrett.
<i>Nance Yeulett</i>	Miss Eastlake.
<i>Kit</i>	Miss Phoebe Carlo.
<i>Mark Lazzard</i>	Mr. E. S. Willard.
<i>Kridge</i>	Mr. Clifford Cooper.
<i>Mr. Lenden</i>	Mr. C. Fulton
<i>Ben Chibbles</i>	Mr. George Barrett.
<i>Jim Dodge</i>	Mr. H. Evans.
<i>Noah Quodling</i>	Mr. George Walton.
<i>Tom Lattiker</i>	{ Mr. Charles Hud- son.
<i>Joe Swirrup</i>	Mr. H. Bernage.
<i>Ephraim Beevor</i>	Mr. W. A. Elliott.
<i>Jelks</i>	Mr. C. Gurth.
<i>Abe Chawner</i>	Mr. de Solla.
<i>Inspector Jermin</i>	Mr. E. Price.
<i>Footman</i>	Mr. Barrington.
<i>Attendant</i>	Mr. Field.
<i>Johnny Twite</i>	Mr. Mark Ambient.
<i>Mad Willy</i>	Mr. S. Carson.
<i>Ferdinand Fitzra- leigh</i>	Mr. H. Cooper
<i>The Old Soldier</i>	Cliffe.
<i>Policeman</i>	Mr. Warren.
<i>Bob Swirrup</i>	Mr. Aubrey
<i>Nipper Jelks</i>	Master McIntyre
<i>Tomtit</i>	Master Morter.
<i>Jess</i>	Miss Maudie
<i>Polly Chibbles</i>	Clitherow.
<i>Granny Quodling</i>	Miss Eastlake.
<i>Mrs. Beevor</i>	Miss L. Garth.
<i>Mrs. Chawner</i>	Mrs. Huntley.
<i>Liz</i>	Miss Alice Cooke.
<i>Kitty</i>	Mrs. Beckett.
		Miss A. Belmonte.
		Miss Eva Wilson.

SEPTEMBER.12th. *Drury Lane*. First Performance.**HUMAN NATURE.**

Original Drama, in Five Acts and
Fourteen Scenes, by HENRY PETTITT
and AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

<i>Captain Temple</i>	Mr. Henry Neville.
<i>Matthew Hawker</i>	{ Mr. Edmond Leathes.
<i>Paul de Vigne</i>	Mr. J. G. Grahame.
<i>Stephen Mardyke</i>	Mr. J. H. Clyndes.
<i>Rev. Arthur Lul- worth</i>	Mr. R. C. Lyons.
<i>Horatio Spofkins</i>	Mr. Harry Nicholls.
<i>Joe Lambkin</i>	Mr. Fred Thorne.
<i>John Stone</i>	Mr. Henry Elmore.
<i>Colonel Brandon</i>	Mr. Arthur Yates.
<i>Pat O'Connor</i>	Mr. George Huntley
<i>Lilliger</i>	Mr. H. J. Turner.
<i>Jim Buxton</i>	Mr. Reuben Inch.
<i>Father Bonini</i>	Mr. Wm. Morgan.
<i>Frank</i>	Miss Maud E. Fisher.
<i>Dick</i>	Miss Katie Barry.
<i>Nellie Temple</i>	Miss Isabel Bate- man.
<i>Cora Grey</i>	Miss Emmeline Ormsby.
<i>Maggie Wilkins</i>	{ Miss Marie Illing- ton.
<i>Mrs. Lambkin</i>	{ Miss Lizzie Clare- mont.
<i>Mrs. Lulworth</i>	Miss Amy McNeill.
<i>Lucy</i>	{ Miss Selina Delphine.
<i>Mrs. Buxton</i>	Miss Minnie Inch.

26th. *Haymarket*. First Performance.**DARK DAYS.**

Play, in Five Acts, by J. COMYNS CARR
and HUGH CONWAY.

<i>Sir Mervyn Ferrand</i>	Mr. H. Beerbohm-
<i>Bart</i>	Tree.
<i>William Evans</i>	{ Mr. Robert Pate- man.
<i>Hon. Percy Pentland</i>	Mr. Chas. Sugden.
<i>Reggie Morton</i>	{ Mr. Gloster-Arm- strong.
<i>Charlie Punter</i>	Mr. Edward Ottley.
<i>Edward Sleight</i>	{ Mr. Arthur David- son.
<i>The Judge</i>	Mr. J. B. Durham.
<i>Counsel for Defence</i>	Mr. E. Maurice.
<i>Counsel for Prose- cution</i>	Mr. Forbes Dawson.
<i>Drummond</i>	Mr. Basil West.
<i>Dalton</i>	Mr. Ulick Winter.

<i>Dr. Basil North</i>	... { Mr. Maurice Barry more.
<i>Mrs. North</i>	... Miss Lydia Foote.
<i>Miss Ethel Bourne</i>	... Miss Helen Forsyth
<i>Philippa Lafarge</i>	... Miss Lingard.

OCTOBER.

31st. St. James's. First Performance.

MAYFAIR.

Play, in Five Acts, adapted by A. W. PINERO from Sardou's "Maison Neuve."

<i>Lord Sulgrave</i>	... Mr. C. Cartwright.
<i>Capt. Marcus Jekyll</i>	Mr. C. Brookfield.
<i>Nicholas Barrable</i>	Mr. Hare.
<i>Geoffery Roydant</i>	Mr. Kendal.
<i>Mr. Perricarp</i>	Mr. Maclean.
<i>Mr. Jowett</i>	Mr. Hendrie.
<i>Mr. Rudolph Rufford</i>	Mr. A. Elwood.
<i>Andrew Moorecroft</i>	{ Mr. H. Reeves Smith.
<i>Mr. Cashew</i>	Mr. Paget.
<i>Ogilvy</i>	Mr. W. T. Lovell,
<i>Servant</i>	Mr. Sackville.
<i>Agnes</i>	Mrs. Kendal.
<i>Edna</i>	Miss Webster.
<i>Hilda Ray</i>	Miss Fanny Enson.
<i>Priscilla</i>	Mrs. Gaston Murray
<i>Louison</i>	Miss Linda Dietz.

NOVEMBER.

2nd. Olympic. First Performance in London.

ALONE IN LONDON.

Drama, in a Prologue and Four Acts, by ROBERT BUCHANAN and HARRIETT JAY.

<i>John Biddlecomb</i>	... Mr. Leonard Boyne.
<i>Richard Redcliffe</i>	{ Mr. Herbert Standing.
<i>Mr. Burnaby</i>	{ Mr. Gilbert Farquhar.
<i>Walter Burnaby</i>	{ Mr. Clarence J. Hague.
<i>Spriggins</i>	Mr. J. Tresahar.
<i>Jenkinson</i>	Mr. Percy Bell.
<i>Dick Johnson</i>	Mr. Dalton Somers.
<i>Nan</i>	Miss Amy Roselle.
<i>Tom Chickweed</i>	Miss Harriett Jay.
<i>Ruth Clifden</i>	Miss Grace Marsden.
<i>Lizzy Jenkinson</i>	Miss Nellie Palmer.
<i>Mrs. Moloney</i>	{ Mrs. Juliet Anderson.
<i>Little Paul</i>	{ Miss Marie Bushling.
<i>Susan</i>	Miss Adah Cox.

9th. Comedy. First Performance in London.
ERMINIE.

Comic Opera, in Two Acts, written by CLAXTON BELLAMY and HARRY PAULTON; composed by EDWARD JAKOBOWSKI.

<i>Marquis de Pontvert</i>	Mr. Fred Mervin.
<i>Eugene Marcel</i>	Mr. Henry Bracey.
<i>Viscomte de Brissac</i>	Mr. Horace Bolini.
<i>Delaunay</i>	{ Miss Kate Everleigh.
<i>Dufois</i>	Mr. George Marler.
<i>Simon</i>	Mr. J. W. Bradbury.
<i>Chevalier de Brabant</i>	{ Mr. Percy Compton
<i>Ravannes</i>	Mr. Frank Wyatt.
<i>Cadeau</i>	Mr. Harry Paulton.
<i>Cerise Marcel</i>	Miss Melnotte.
<i>Javotte</i>	Miss Kate Munroe.
<i>Marie</i>	Miss Edith Vane.
<i>Clementine</i>	Miss Delia Merton.
<i>Princess de Gramponneau</i>	{ Miss M. A. Victor.
<i>Erminie</i>	{ Miss Florence St. John.

DECEMBER.

19th. Lyceum. First Performance.

FAUST.

Tragedy, in a Prologue and Five Acts, adapted and arranged for the Lyceum stage by W. G. WILLS, from the first part of Goethe's tragedy.

Mortals :—

<i>Faust</i>	... Mr. Conway.
<i>Valentine</i>	Mr. Alexander.
<i>Frosch</i>	Mr. Harbury.
<i>Altmayer</i>	Mr. Haviland.
<i>Brander</i>	Mr. F. Tyers.
<i>Siebel</i>	Mr. Johnson.
<i>Student</i>	Mr. N. Forbes.
<i>Burgomaster</i>	Mr. H. Howe.
<i>Citizens</i>	{ Mr. Hemsley. Mr. Louther.
<i>Soldier</i>	Mr. M. Harvey.
<i>Martha</i>	Mrs. Stirling.
<i>Bessy</i>	Miss L. Payne.
<i>Ida</i>	Miss Barnett.
<i>Alice</i>	Miss Coleridge.
<i>Catherine</i>	Miss Mills.
<i>Margaret</i>	Miss Ellen Terry.

Spirits :—

<i>Mephistopheles</i>	... Mr. Henry Irving.
	{ Mr. Mead.
<i>Witches</i>	{ Mr. Carter. Mr. Archer. Mr. Clifford

23rd. Adelphi. First Performance.

THE HARBOUR LIGHTS.

Original Drama, in Five Acts, by
GEORGE R. SIMS and HENRY PETTITT.

<i>David Kingsley</i>	Mr. William Terriss
<i>Frank Moreland</i>	Mr. Percy Lyndal.
<i>Nicholas Moreland</i>	Mr. J. D. Beveridge.
<i>Capt. Nelson</i>	Mr. John Maclean
<i>Capt. Hardy, R. N.</i>	Mr. Howard Russell
<i>Mark Helstone</i>	{ Mr. Duncan Campbell.
<i>Tom Dossitor</i>	Mr. E. W. Garden.
<i>Jack Lirriper</i>	Mr. E. Dagnell.
<i>Will Drake</i>	Mr. T. Fulljames.
<i>Dick Hockarday</i>	Mr. G. Wentworth.
<i>Solomon</i>	Mr. E. Travers.
<i>Lieut. Wynyard, R. N.</i>	{ Mr. H. Wyatt.
<i>Dora Vane</i>	Miss Millward.
<i>Lina Nelson</i>	Miss Mary Rorke.
<i>Mrs. Chudleigh</i>	Mrs. H. Leigh.
<i>Peggy Chudleigh</i>	Miss Kate Fayne.
<i>Mrs. Helstone</i>	{ Miss Maude e Brennan.
<i>Bridget Maloney</i>	Mrs. John Carter.
<i>Polly</i>	Miss J. Rogers.
<i>Fisherwoman</i>	Miss L. Nelson.

26th. Galety. First Performance.

LITTLE JACK SHEPPARD.

"Burlesque - Operatic - Melodrama," in
Three Acts, by H. P. STEPHENS and
W. YARDLEY.

<i>Jack Sheppard</i>	... Miss E. Farren.
<i>Thames Darrell</i>	... Miss Wadman.
<i>Blueskin</i>	... Mr. David James.
<i>Jonathan Wild</i>	Mr. Fred. Leslie.
<i>Sir Rowland</i>	{ Mr. Odell.
<i>Trenchard</i>	...
<i>Abraham Mendez</i>	Mr. F. Wood.
<i>Mr. Kneebone</i>	Mr. W. Warde.
<i>Mr. Wood</i>	Mr. Guise.
<i>Captain Cuff</i>	Miss Emily Duncan
<i>Shotbolt</i>	Miss Ross
<i>Marvel</i>	Miss Raines.
<i>Ireton</i>	Miss Robina.
<i>Quilt Arnold</i>	Miss Handley.
<i>Little Gog</i>	Miss Pearce.
<i>Little Magog</i>	Miss Tyler.
<i>Mrs. Sheppard</i>	{ Miss Harriet Coveney.
<i>Winifred Wood</i>	Miss Marion Hood.
<i>Edgworth Bess</i>	Miss Bessie Sanson.
<i>Polly Stanmore</i>	Miss Sylvia Grey.
<i>Kitty Kettleby</i>	Miss Eunice.

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